The Impact of Revolution, by Jerome and Katherine Brune

The Saturday Review of Literature

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Doctrines the Doctrinaires Have Overlooked

By CRANE BRINTON

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By Rachel L. Carson
Reviewed by William Beebe

"SEA OF CORTEZ"
By John Steinbeck and Edward F. Ricketts
Reviewed by Donald Culross Peattie

"VISCOUNT HALIFAX"
By Alan Campbell Johnson
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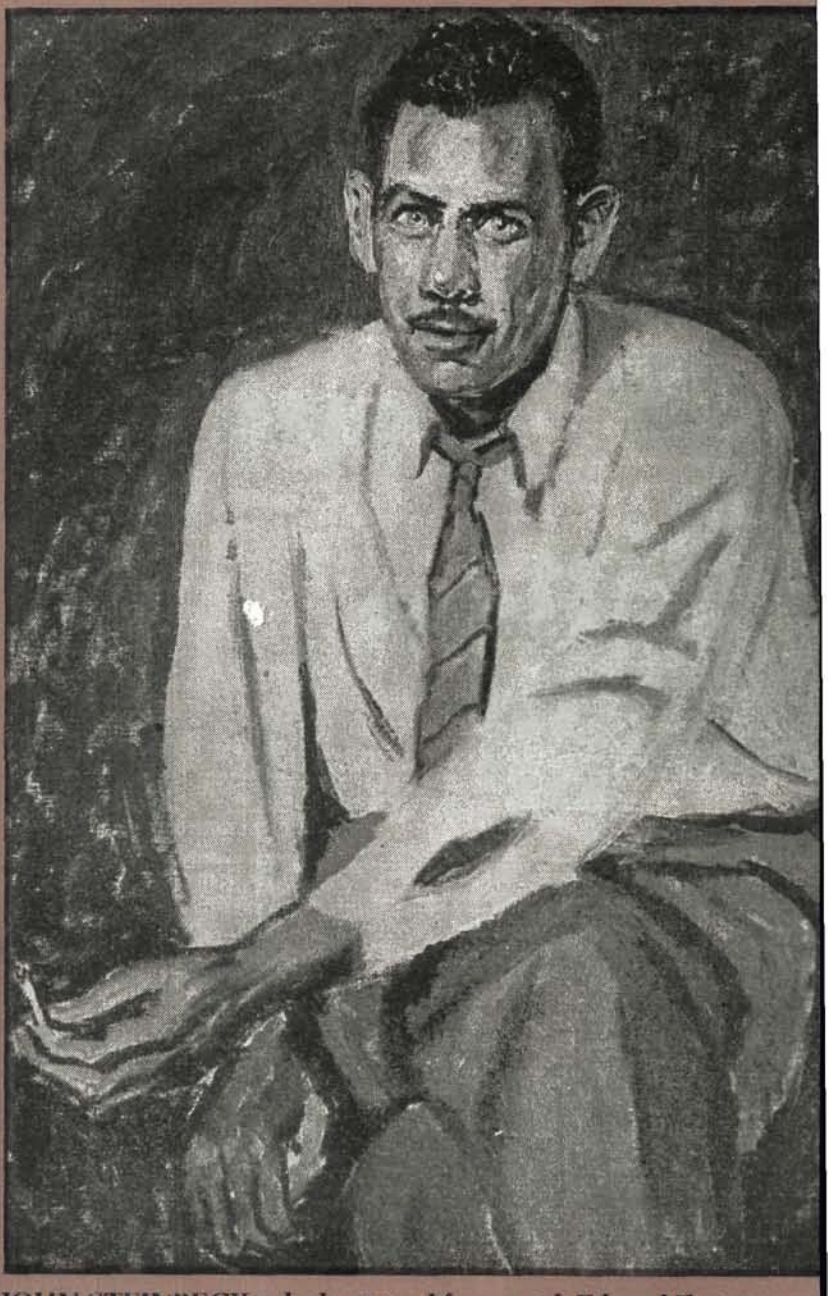

JOHN STEINBECK, who has joined forces with Edward F. Ricketts to wander among and write about holothurians and coelenterates, among others. (*"Sea of Cortez" . . . See page 5*)

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The Saturday Review of Literature

The Impact of Revolution

JEROME AND KATHERINE BRUNER

A GROUP of social scientists at Harvard recently set about collecting systematically the life histories of German refugees, covering the period before and after the Nazi Revolution. From Brazil, from Palestine, from China, from Indiana, from New York came homespun autobiographies written in response to the announcement of a prize competition. The aim was not literary. Ordinary people were invited to recount their ordinary experiences in Germany, citing wherever possible diaries, letters, and other personal documents. In this way two hundred life-histories were collected, the richest ninety of which were submitted to intensive analysis.

First fruit of that analysis was the discovery that, strangely enough, people deny the very existence of social catastrophe until they can deny no longer. Repeated instances testify to a failure to recognize the personal import of the Nazi revolution. Many were the cases who saw no connection between their own lives and the Nazi movement until 1934, 1935, 1936; and even, in the case of Austrians, not till 1938. "They'll make exceptions," declared one Berlin businessman in 1934 in the face of each new Nazi decree, "yes, they'll make exceptions." A Jewish shoe salesman whistled in the dark to the tune of "barking dogs don't bite." Variations on the latter theme were many. "You're a child," one man assured his wife comfortably, "you mustn't take everything so seriously. Hitler used the Jews very skillfully as propaganda to gain power—now that his goal is achieved, you will hear nothing more about the Jews."

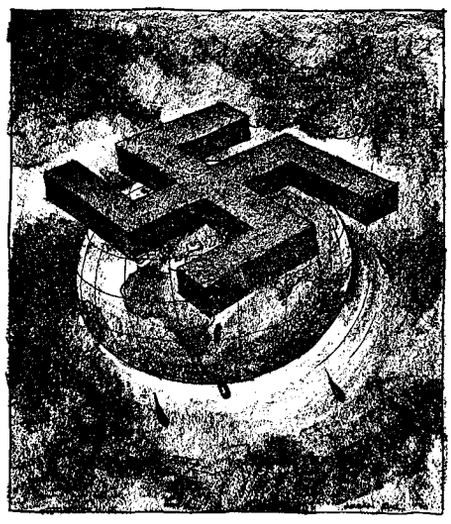
If such instances may seem to imply nothing more than an all-too-common lack of political foresight, it must be emphasized that in Germany these were years of social chaos. Even before 1933 there were abundant reasons for alarm—rising Nazi vote, riots, strikes. More chaotic still was the situation in Austria where, incidentally, many were mocking the possibility of a Nazi coup on the very eve of Hitler's march. In the context of the Germany and Austria of that date, such lack of foresight must have been sustained not merely by ignorance, but by dynamic psychological mechanisms of a protective nature.

How do these protective mechanisms —this ostrich complex—operate? How is it possible to ignore sweeping changes as plain as the nose on one's face? Here we deal with a phenomenon which William James dubbed the "lure of the familiar." Person after person, faced with the awful truth of the Nazi revolution, turned with redoubled energy to familiar routines, little islands of security in the maelstrom of revolution. Inconsequential tasks, serving to keep mind and hand occupied, turned away the unwelcome impact of new totalitarian restrictions. One writer, a housewife, faced the horror of the Roehm purge by burying herself in the myriad details of a thorough housecleaning. A Berlin executive turned for comfort to the familiar patterns of office routine. So strong was the lure of the familiar indeed that occasionally refugees already safe in England or Switzerland would return *home* to a Germany where now their very existence was menaced.

To resist the ravages of change, man turns, too, to other mental legerdemain—to irrepression, to tortuous rationalization, to communion with nature; in short, to anything which will circumvent the need for coming to grips with the wreckage of his old familiar world. How many were the cases who explained away the Nazis and their doings as a temporary nightmare. And then there were those who returned to the great outdoors, like the Jewish importer from Hamburg whose response to everything from the Nürnburg laws down was to flee to his pastoral cottage in the Schwarzwald, there to immerse himself in "the grandeur of nature." After the pogrom of 1938, of course, such pleasant escapes were no more. Yet even after that date it is amazing to an outsider how far suppression of reality could be carried. Consider the case of a young Jewish couple in a provincial city.

> We tried to escape into another sphere by reading novels, studying foreign languages, doing different more or less irrelevant things in order to save our energies. I remember the bitter contrast such activity once showed. One day the mobs were howling at the nearby synagogue. Hysteric yells shrieked, the sky was radiant with the flames of the burning temple. The smell of the burned wood and smoke penetrated the windows. We were at the piano and played a Mozart concerto. Often our eyes went to the window, but we did not stop. We played Mozart, we made music, we did not want to admit disturbing reality. We wanted to spare our nerves.

How strong a shock, then, would it take to lift the veil of self-made security behind which these people had been hiding? The immediate event which forced full realization upon the individual varied, of course, from person to person. But one thing stands out: the impact had to be personal. The priest had to know at first hand the bitter restrictions of worship, a friend had to be snatched off to a concentration camp, the Gestapo had to knock on one's own door. Some such personal trauma was necessary before the full import of the suffering of previous months and years could be grasped. In the words of one woman, a Jewish bookseller whose business had finally been wrecked by the anti-Jewish decrees of 1938, "It became horribly clear to me that everything was over now, that this was only the beginning of a long chain. I had made my decision, I had to give up. To fight was senseless, the opposition was too



—From "He Who Laughs—Lasts!"

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overwhelming." This, mind you, only after five years of bitter struggle to keep her eyes closed and her business open!

But even after the personal threat of the Nazi revolution was clear, there were bridges still to be crossed. To an outsider, the obvious rational solution, once the threat had been grasped, would be to leave the country. The fact is that in our culture human nature doesn't work that way. Running away is not so easy as all that. For two years after they realized what Hitler meant to them, two-thirds of the writers of these life histories could not find it in them even to think of taking such a drastic step. Doubtless there are many still in Germany who, though financially able, were never capable of the final break. Why? Again the lure of the familiar. "These streets, these buildings—how can I leave them?" lamented one young professional woman in Berlin; to her the thought of emigration was more repugnant, more unthinkable, than life under the Nazis.

The uncertainties of emigration were, of course, a factor in the situation. The conflict was not a case of either-or; it was one between the positive pull of the familiar in frustrating German environment and the disagreeable uncertainties waiting in an unknown land. How was this deadlock finally broken? To answer we must look more closely at how these people responded to the frustrations and anxieties of the years immediately preceding emigration.

Little need be said about the amount or varieties of suffering and frustration brought about by the Nazi regime. On that subject volumes have already been written. It suffices to say that practically all of these people were severely thwarted in their normal, everyday pursuits. Businesses were ruined, families were separated and occasionally embittered by political differences, studies were interrupted, worship all but forbidden. On the subjective side, there were insults to be endured, threats to be expected, all the insecurity and anxiety of an uncertain tomorrow. And in the background hovered the dark shadow of Dachau and Oranienburg.

Many were the ways of facing these psychological tortures. Two out of every three writers reported periods of profound depression during which they gave up the struggle to keep their lives together. On the heels of a bitter sense of defeat came apathy. "What can we do but endure it," ran the cry, "everything is lost." A former *Ufa* script editor, a talented young woman, in the reaction to a visit which brought home to her for the first time the full impact of Nazism, sat dumbly in her apartment for two weeks, seeing no one, utterly incapable even of thinking of her plight. Such apathetic adjustments were, of course, temporary; the press of events forced these people back into the struggle.

Then, too, those same islands of security which hid our writers from the reality of the Nazi threat, served again as temporary retreats once the threat was clear. Now, however, not only familiar routines were indulged, but anything, however fantastic, which hinted a gleam of hope for the future. Whereas many found a sense of security in familiar habits, other shopped around, sampling in turn political Zionism, rumors of underground movements, intensified religious activities—anything, in short, to provide distraction and hope. The very chance to sleep, usually taken so casually for granted, now, through emotional exhaustion, acquired a positive attraction. "A deep night's sleep," one writer recorded in his diary, "is the only relief one can have in these days." Others tell of a "somatic longing for sleep." But inevitably the Nazi tide engulfed such temporary islands of refuge; even the sleeper heard in his dreams the knock of the Gestapo.

On an equally primitive level of adjustment would be an increase of daydreaming and fantasy—an increase which under the circumstances one would rather expect, but which for these writers proved negligible. Though no one evinced a decrease in such activities, scarcely a quarter showed any increase. Here is a problem. Are the figures so low because we are dealing in this instance with a selected group, one capable in the last analysis of direct action—emigration? This question we cannot answer yet. What we do know is that for these people daydreaming—revenge against the insolent SA man at the railroad station, fantasies of landing in New York, memories of a pleasant childhood—all this was not enough. Because of its implications for morale, nevertheless, the broader question is one which must eventually be solved. Does crisis heighten the debilitating social effects of fantasy and daydreaming? And if so, is a population thus left more susceptible to the ravages of mass manipulation at the hands of an unscrupulous elite?

Another response to frustration, possibly an instance of substitute satisfaction for thwarted desires, was the strengthening of ties within already established groups. Dramatic were the instances of return to the healing intimacy of the family after bitter experiences of persecution on the street, in the office, or in prison. Busy executives, for years lost in their hectic

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Of and About the Sea

UNDER THE SEA-WIND. By Rachel L. Carson. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1941. 314 *pp., with glossary.* $3.

Reviewed by WILLIAM BEEBE

THE purpose of this book is to make the sea and its life a vivid reality, says Miss Carson, and she has succeeded. Her method is to write a series of short narratives around certain fish and birds, and in some cases to follow the life history of individual creatures from egg to death. Her more important actors are given special names, such as Blackfoot and Silverbar the sanderlings, Ookpik the snowy owl, and Anguilla the eel.

There are three "Books," each with three to seven chapters. The first Book is laid on the North Carolinian coast and the Arctic tundra, with black skimmers, shad, and sanderlings as the chief protagonists. The second division is almost wholly concerned with the life of Scomber, the mackerel, and the third deals in a similar way with the unique eel and its wonderful migration.

The author is at her best in her complete life histories. There, her attention is concentrated upon a single individual organism, about which environment, experiences and enemies, are made to revolve, and on which they focus. The account of the surface plankton, and the gauntlet drifting of the egg and larval mackerel is full of excitement. Indeed, the helpless young fish is threatened in turn by almost every predator of those waters known to science.

I have thoroughly enjoyed every word of the volume, but I found difficulty in trying to read it aloud. The plethora of facts occasionally smothers the smoothness of diction, and distracts the attention from the word picture itself. For example, in the first paragraph of the eel saga, in the description of a pond, we find the names of nine plants, from mountain ash to pickerel weed, and a second reading is almost necessary to refocus and visualize the general picture. This is not captious criticism, but an appeal for more simple words, fewer terms of physical and faunal geography, and a greater leisureliness in description in the author's second volume. Miss Carson's science cannot be questioned; I have been unable to detect a single error.

Although a considerable portion of the work deals with a restricted area of North Carolinian shore, the narrative is so vivid that readers in Maine or New York will enjoy it, although many of the actors may be unknown to them (I had to look up Chapman to find what a Carolinian "jackdaw" is). I sense greater sureness and ease in the author's treatment of life in the sea itself, than in shallow and inland waters. This is the more reasonable when we recall that Miss Carson is a marine zoölogist, and is at present a biologist in the Fish and Wild Life Service of the Government.

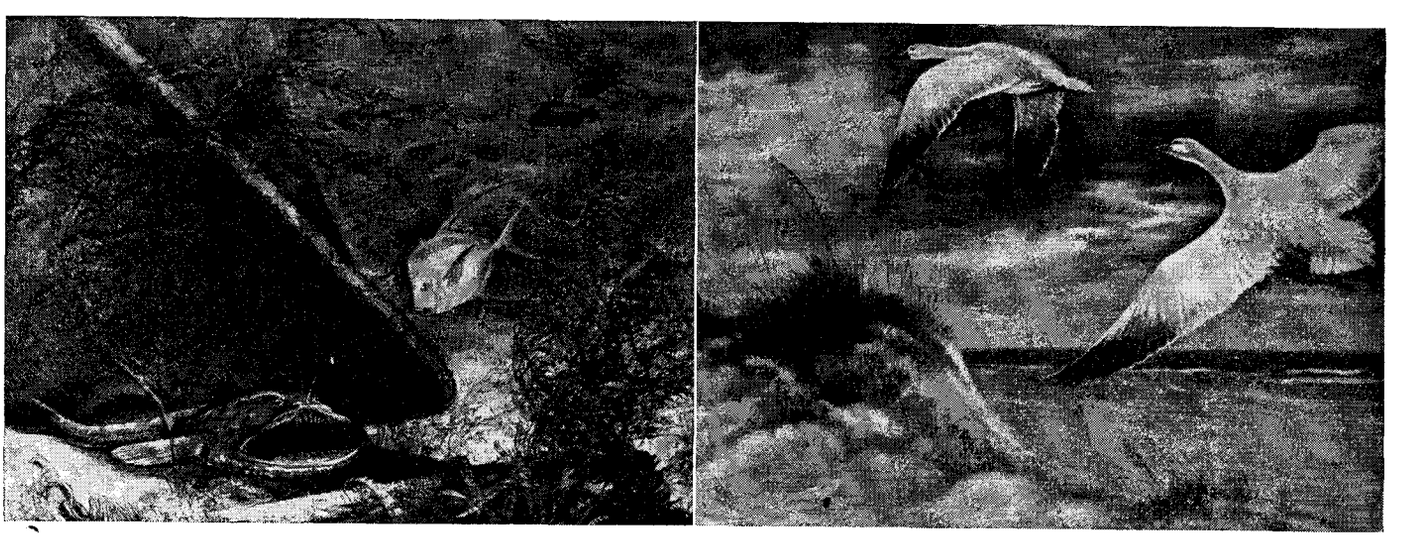
The illustrations, by Howard Frech, are beyond criticism and satisfactory in every way. I wish there were twice as many. They are a welcome relief from the ultra or pseudo modernistic adornments of some recent nature books. An illustrated glossary, from Abyss to Yellowlegs, takes the place of an index.

SEA OF CORTEZ—A Leisurely Journal of Travel and Research. By John Steinbeck and Edward F. Ricketts. New York: Viking Press. 1941. 598 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by DONALD CULROSS PEATTIE

THIS six-hundred page book is the joint work of the learned Edward F. Ricketts, author of that excellent manual of marine biology "Between Pacific Tides" (which stands on my science reference shelf here in Santa Barbara) and of boisterous novelist John Steinbeck, author, if you happen to recall, of "Tortilla Flat," "The Grapes of Wrath," and "Of Mice and Men." And presumably it is going to be enjoyed by three sorts of people: first, those who will read anything that Steinbeck writes, no matter what it's about; secondly, that more limited group who want to learn more about the tunicates, ascidians, holothurians, arthropods, echinoderms, coelenterates, porifera, and chordates of the Gulf of California—no matter who writes it. To this, add a third class who are definitely interested in almost anything about Mexico and might well prefer to have the versatile Mr. Steinbeck write it. These will be able to travel, in their arm-chairs, to one of the most unvisited and inaccessible parts of our nearest Latin-American neighbor, where Steinbeck and Ricketts went in the modest little fishing boat *Western Flyer* to collect marine animals and new impressions.

For the sea of Cortez is the author's name for the Gulf of California, and the Mexican state which it almost completely separates from the main-



—*Paintings by Frech, from "Under the Sea-Wind."*

The illustrations are "a welcome relief from the ultra or pseudo modernistic adornments."

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land is Lower California, a dreamy and blazing, desertic and yet mellowly historic peninsula six hundred miles long and served neither by railroads, improved motor highways, or regular service by any large boat. Lower California undoubtedly approaches most closely to eighteenth-century Mexico, most completely supports the contention that Mexico is more Spanish than Spain, and is the answer to the snobbish American tourist's dream—a place (except for Tiajuana and Ensenada) where there are no other Americans.

AS soon as an American discovers such a place, whether in Bali, the Marquesas, Tibet, or Tepoztlan, he writes a come-hither book about it. And next year we send an Expeditionary Force of our citizens who want to tread the holy ground where Americans have never yet set their heels. These First Comers soon constitute themselves Oldest Inhabitants; they buy all the serapes or sorongs or loin cloths off the natives, who, becoming suddenly rich, follow the thwarted impulses of a lifetime of boredom and begin to ride in Ford coupés, to smoke Camels, listen to Bing Crosby records, and give up betel-chewing for Wrigley's spearmint. And by the time the second wave of Americans comes, the Oldest Inhabitants are discovered crossing themselves before the Stations, rolling sad cigarettes in brown paper to paste on hopeless lips; they are all writing books about it, as they sit about in *cantinas,* the purport of which is that you should have seen the dear old place before somebody ruined it.

Baja California is definitely doomed, as of December, 1941, on which date Messrs. Ricketts and Steinbeck published their alluring book. I regard it as a departure date fateful not only in the sociology of this state, but in the literary career of Mr. Steinbeck. For he certainly never wrote a book like this before. In fact nobody has done so. In its content it will stagger the Steinbeck fans. Which one of them expected him to indulge in a long self-argument on teleological thought (heresy to the scientist, orthodoxy to the divinity student) exactly as if his habitual admirers were of the mental stamp of St. Augustine or President Hutchins? The Steinbeck imagined by ladies who keep bookstores in Connecticut villages, and by middle-aged men who have to read *Esquire* in the barber's chair because they don't dare bring it home, are going to revise their notions of a man whose tears for humanity come out as sweat on his brow, when they find him floundering in tidal pools of the mysterious Gulf of California, dredging with bleeding hands in order to capture tropical sea worms that sting like hell, and turn to ink and stink before you can pop them in mortician's solutions. Those who want to hear how many bad words this boy from the Lettuce Belt of Salinas, California, has learned from the naughty little Mexican boys born within whiff of the Monterey fish canneries, will find here 250 pages or about 100,000 words of an Annotated Phyletic Catalogue of the marine life of this memorable cruise. Here is a fair sample:

> "§J-46. *Platynereis agassizi* (Ehlers) 1868. Hartman 1940 (§-13) p. 231; numerous specimens as *Unicereis agassizi.* Range reported as from British Columbia to Peru; shore to 900 fathoms. Numerous epitokous (heteronereis) forms were taken pelagically at night by light hung over the side of the San Lucas cove anchorage (March 28 or 29, 1940) associated with a small species of *Amblyosyllis.*"

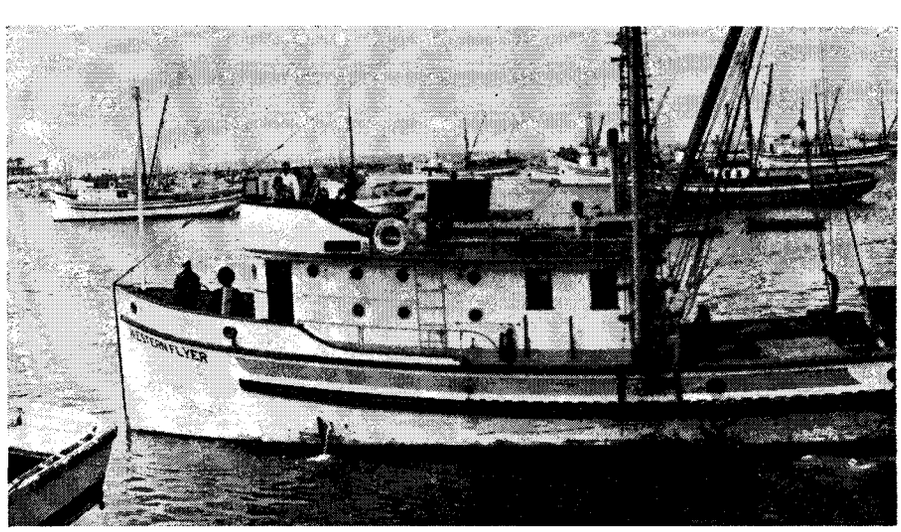
But the colleagues of the learned Mr. Ricketts will find out something they didn't know about him, either, I bet. They will learn that he and his five companions of the six weeks cruise of *The Western Flyer,* consumed 2,160 quarts of beer, and unspecified or uncounted quantities of whisky. They will find that he either wrote, or concurred in, the following reflections on aphrodisiacs:

> There are excitants like cantharides, and physical aids to the difficulties of phychis traumas, like yohimbine sulphate; there are strong protein foods like *bêche-de-mer* and the gonads of sea-urchins, and the much over-rated oyster; even chiles, with their irritating qualities, have some effect, but there seems to be no true aphrodisiac, no sweet essense of that goddess, to be taken in a capsule. A certain young person said once that she found sexual intercourse an aphrodisiac; certainly it is the only good one.

And there are 271 pages of this (well, more or *less* like it,) amounting to another 100,000 words! You may insist that Mr. Steinbeck wrote that passage, while Mr. Ricketts, *tout seul,* prepared the Phyletic Catalogue, but it's a rash assumption. The two utterly disparate sections of the book are not assigned to separate authorship. The title page claims shared collaboration between these two unexpected friends, presumably on all parts of the book. I find nothing inconceivable about an artist taking a distinct interest in the niceties of systematic zoölogy; and not every scientist is foe to beauty, censor of nonsense, chaste in all his thoughts, and sober on both sides.

There can't be a doubt, for instance, that Ricketts has opened Steinbeck's eyes to the rewards and delights of Natural History, or that he has earnestly and meticulously coached him in scientific thought—habits and viewpoints. He has given his ebullient friend a biological philosophy — the best kind a man can have, to my way of thinking, the most realistic, and yet the kindest. Mr. Steinbeck appears to have discovered it only yesterday, in its full implications and deep perspectives, and he is wildly excited about it. He runs up and down the echoing corridors, paced by Aristotle, Lucretius, Goethe, and the Huxley boys, each in their day, turning cart-wheels of mental liberation from Final Causes, shouting at the marble walls, enchanted by the echoes that they throw back of his own voice, and stopping, sometimes, to whistle through his teeth at the scholastic dignitaries. I can't help laughing, on his side, when he says (or is it Ricketts?):

> The little men in scientific work assumed the awefullness of a priesthood to hide their deficiencies . . . as the priesthoods of all cults have, with secret or unfamiliar languages



The Western Flyer

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and symbols. It is usually found that only, the little stuffy men object to what is called "popularization," by which they mean writing with a clarity understandable to one not familiar with the tricks and codes of the colt. We have not known a single great scientist who could not discourse freely and interestingly with a child. Can it be that the haters of clarity have nothing to say, have observed nothing, have no clear picture of even their own fields? A dull man seems to be a dull man no matter what his field, and of course it is the right of a dull scientist to protect himself with feathers and robes, emblems and degrees, as do other dull men who are potentates and grand imperial rulers of lodges of dull men.

Ricketts (or is it Steinbeck?) has discovered that you can argue along about a school of tuna fish, and the glandular, psychical, evolutionary, or ecological reasons why sardines, who travel in schools, vary so little, even in the normal speed-capacity of their locomotion—and then suddenly switch over to humans, and see why men who go to certain schools, as Harvard, Yale, and Stanford, differ so little from each other "in speech, clothing, haircuts, posture, or state of mind." From here it is but a short step to some reflections on the Collectivist State and to speculations on the probable effect it will have, through Natural Selection, on the human species. There are hundreds of pages of this, in fact; the authors find a hundred sermons in barnacles, and books in sea-urchins.

Frankly, I would say that about one-tenth of this rabbit-out-of-hatting would have sufficed this reader. It is done with versatility, with nimbleness, with humor, sometimes eloquence; but we do, some of us, know how the trick is performed. That to perform it is the chief aim of biological field work, in the Gulf of California or elsewhere, or of Nature writing or popularization, some of us would not admit. Probably the authors would agree; but they seem to think this is what the public expects of them, or of Nature for Victorian audiences.

Either Steinbeck or Ricketts (or all-two-both-of-them) is—are?—potentially a great poet, or poets, of Nature. The grandest passages in this strange bargain-buy of two full-length books under one cover (but for the price of two) are some of the descriptions of the sea, the tide, mirages, wind or dead calm, Indians, tidal pools, or simply night, or dawn, or the barking of a dog, or loneliness on a hot and empty shore. Style, reality, *Stimmung*, at these moments, all deepen and intone. More of this, and less sheer cleverness will make somebody, whichever he is, a writer as lasting in the future as he is brilliant today.

Doctrines the Doctrinaires Have Overlooked

CRANE BRINTON

IT has often been pointed out that much of Marxian economics is merely classical economics given a special twist for the purposes of socialist or communist propaganda. Notably, the "economic interpretation" of human behavior has long been in high favor with good business men. Especially in large-scale industry, where management has been so largely separated from the workers, executives have often assumed their workers were roughly identical specimens of that famous abstraction, "economic man," and that therefore all their workers were really concerned about were wages and the physical conditions of work—lighting, sanitation, rest-periods, and the like. That their workers were also concerned with their private family situation, their religion, their politics, their personal adjustment in a complex society, they would no doubt, on reflection, admit. But, to judge by their behavior, such executives commonly dismissed these important concerns of their employees as somehow unimportant for purposes of management, as matters that did not affect their activities as employees and certainly were not carried over into the factory. As for the public, it seemed quite content to take part in the general journalistic simplification of the issues involved in the wrangle as to whether an abstraction called Capital or an abstraction called Labor should get the larger share of an abstraction called Wealth.

Most successful executives have probably in their actual practice gone on much more realistic notions as to what their workers really want. But such executives were usually inarticulate, and did not—probably could not—formulate in words their acquired knowledge and skill in personnel relations. These two books are evidence of a promising beginning in the task of formulating such skill into the kind of systematic knowledge we call science.

—From the jacket drawing for "Stubborn Way," by Baxter Hathaway.

This is important, for when a "skill" becomes a "science," knowledge becomes more communicable and thus, in a complex society like ours, much more useful. The study of interactions among human beings—more pretentiously, the social sciences—has hitherto not achieved the sort of success the natural sciences have achieved. This failure has many causes, one of the most obvious of which is that social scientists have often made theories without reference to all the *kinds* of facts that may be shown to affect the human interactions they are theorizing about. This error the various groups of patient investigators whose studies are summarized in these volumes* have sought, in general with great success, to avoid. They have observed, theorized, observed again to check their theories, modified their theories, and so on in the endless, painful, and rewarding round of scientific work. Their results are of great importance, though to those who demand striking and novel generalizations of sweeping scope, they may seem commonplace. But if they are commonplace, they are neglected commonplace, of the sort too many concerned with the management of modern industry have passed over, to the great detriment of our society.

Mr. Homans's report of the proceedings of the Committee on Work in Industry of the National Research Council deals clearly and readably with a series of researches into related topics—fatigue in unusual climatic conditions of work, such as high-altitude flying, work in warm, moist climates, and in warm dry climates; the long and elaborate series of investigations into conditions of work at the Hawthorne plant of the Western Electric Company; the reflections of Mr. Harold Ruttenberg of the C.I.O. on the Western Electric researches in the light of his own prac-

**MANAGEMENT AND MORALE. By F. J. Roethlisberger. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1941. 194 pp. $2.*

FATIGUE OF WORKERS: ITS RELATION TO INDUSTRIAL PRODUCTION. A report of the Committee on Work in Industry of the National Research Council. By George C. Homans. New York: Reinhold Publishing Corporation. 1941. 15 pp. $2.50.

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tical experience; the pioneer study of human organization made by Mr. Chester I. Bernard of the New Jersey Bell Telephone Company and published in 1938 as "The Functions of the Executive." Mr. Roethlisberger's book incorporates in popular form the researches on which his more technical book, "Management and the Worker," written in collaboration with Mr. W. J. Dickson, was based. All of the material in these two brief books should be of interest to anyone who is concerned with problems of human relations.

We may here roughly summarize the Western Electric researches, which form the largest single body of material from which generalizations have been drawn by this group of investigators. (Though they have certain conceptual schemes and working methods in common, it is probably better not to refer to them by so damningly sectarian a name as "school.") These researches began as an orthodox investigation into physical "efficiency." A selected group of workers did their regular work under deliberately varied lighting conditions, and a careful record of output was kept. It was expected that output would vary directly, up to a certain point at least, in accordance with the excellence of the lighting. The first correlations were not quite what was expected, but what really confounded the investigators was the workers' reaction when the light bulbs were taken out as if for a change, and replaced with identical bulbs. The workers commented on the increased light, *and kept their output up.* Obviously the investigators had to take into account "psychological" as well as "physiological" factors.

NEXT phase was the Relay Assembly Test Room experiment. Six girls were selected from the employees and put into a separate room. Over a period of eighteen months they did their regular work under controlled variations of conditions, this time not a simple physical condition like lighting, but such conditions as rest periods, mid-morning luncheons, shorter working hours, and so on. Moreover, each girl was regularly interviewed by a skilled interviewer who showed concern with the girl's whole life and personality. An investigator was constantly present in the work-room. Extremely careful records of output were kept. Each of the periods of varied conditions lasted several weeks. Here the confounding results came in period XI, during which, after a series of increasingly generous allowances for rest, refreshment, half-holidays, and so on a return was made to the longer hours and uninterrupted work of period I under which experiments began. Total output, which had steadily increased during the whole course of the experiment, *continued to increase under these harsher conditions.* Hourly output dropped slightly, but nowhere near to what it had been earlier under identical conditions.

AS a result of these experiments, the company initiated for employees an Interviewing Program under which skilled interviewers trusted by the employees gave each employee the sort of careful attention given the girls in the Relay Assembly Test Room. The company has continued to possess excellent labor relations. In 1931 and 1932 a seven months' experiment was carried on with a group of workmen in the Bank Wiring Observation Room. These workers were under a complicated form of group piecework in which individual skill was to be rewarded by a "wage incentive." Increased output by the group would be reflected in increased wages for individual members. Nevertheless, the output graph throughout the period of the experiment tended to be a straight line. The men were not responding to the economic incentive. The observer, who secured their confidence, noted that in fact the men were suspicious of the whole scheme, and that they worked together in an informal social system to achieve by often ingenious methods the constant output which they clearly felt was "right." A person who turned out what his fellows thought was too much work was called names, such as "Speed King" or "The Slave," and soon came back to the "normal" level. This was a good level, satisfactory to the company, but not the highest that could have been achieved.

From these data Messrs. Homans and Roethlisberger draw certain conclusions. Negatively, it is clear that the workers did not behave while they worked as if wages and physical conditions of work were the sole factors in determining their output. The girls in the Relay Assembly Test Room seem to have increased their output primarily because (to put it crudely and in a sense unfairly) they were flattered by the attention centered on them as important experimenters. They were happy and at ease in their work, and said they no longer felt spied upon by a supervisor, though actually the observer in the room watched them more carefully than they had ever been watched in the regular workroom. The men in the Bank Wiring Observation Room did not increase their output, but deliberately "pegged" it at a fixed point, primarily because they felt that to increase output would let their fellows down, would allow the company to put something over on them in the way of lower piecework rates. They followed their sentiments, not their economic interests. That their sentiments were not based on a correct understanding of the management's intentions is an indication of failure of communication between management and workers, a failure Mr. Roethlisberger believes to be central to our present industrial difficulties.

The lesson of these experiments is clear. What the workers think and feel is the most important thing management must reckon with in dealing with them. For the most part, they do not think and feel as Marxists, "efficiency engineers," and professors of economics—as well as many employers—have assumed workers think and feel. They are no more "rational"—to use a dangerous shorthand word—than poets, realtors, preachers, and farmers. The only way to find out how they think and feel is to study their behavior at first hand, equipped with all the knowledge about human behavior, still little enough in a systematic sense, available to us. It may then be possible to bring back to industrial relations some of the wisdom and skill which was lost as the result of the industrial revolution.

THE doctrinaire Marxist and egalitarian will not see it that way, since he is incorrigibly suspicious of anything less than a revolution of the kind he dreams about, but these researches are "objective." They are not meant to prop up the existing economic order. They are studies of how men behave. It is true that they assume that, especially where their sentiments are involved, men will continue to behave in the near future much as they have behaved in the near past—or better, that plans which do not take into account these relatively constant sentiments will not come out as planned. It is true that these studies note that in industry there are all sorts of gradations from the bottom to the top, from the led to the leaders, that all sorts of informal organizations are formed spontaneously within large working groups, that all sorts of differences in skill and energy exist among workers, and that these differences are generally recognized by all members of the group, and lead to outward distinctions of social esteem, money rewards, and other privileges. There seems, however, to be very little in the actual experience of the one great state which has claimed to be a society based on Marxist and egalitarian principles that runs counter to these observations. Even in Russia, the classless society seems to be a myth. And in any but a classless society, the men who must supervise the work of flesh-and-blood workers will, if they are to do a good job, have to take into account the facts and the generalizations found in these two books.

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The Careers of Edward Wood

VISCOUNT HALIFAX: A BIOGRAPHY. By Alan Campbell Johnson. New York: Ives Washburn, Inc. 1941. 575 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

FIRST he was Edward Wood; then he was Lord Irwin; and finally he was Lord Halifax. Some Americans, in all probability, are still a bit confused by these successive incarnations. Each name, as it happened, attached to a special phase of his career. Edward Wood was M.P. for Ripon, President of the Board of Education—by H. A. L. Fisher's expert testimony, one of the best heads the Board has ever had—and Minister for Agriculture. As Lord Irwin he was one of the most successful Viceroys India has seen, impressing the Hindus and Moslems as no one else in decades had done, reaching an epochal and almost miraculous agreement with Gandhi when harmony seemed impossible, and laying sure foundations for constitutional progress toward full Dominion status. As Lord Halifax he was associated with the effort of the Chamberlain Government to reach an accord with Germany and Italy. Careless observers called him an appeaser; but he was never that in the sense in which Chamberlain himself might be so labelled. The evidence is clear that he felt a much stronger obligation to Czechoslovakia than Chamberlain ever acknowledged, that he was opposed to making some concessions that his chief did make, and that his horror and anger over the final submergence of the Czechs were tremendous. It is clear, too, that he was the principal architect of the Peace Front and the "unprecedented" guarantees to Poland; while the first flat and emphatic notice to Hitler that further aggression would mean war came in Halifax's Chatham House speech of June 29, 1939.

Mr. Johnson divides his book into three parts corresponding to the three names and three phases of his hero's public life; and each part he treats with a thoroughness that lifts his work quite above the level of ephemeral political journalism. His volume has some irritating qualities. An excessive amount of space is given to that rather minor part of Halifax's career which preceded the viceroyalty. Mr. Johnson shows an undue regard for the British aristocracy, the High Churchmen, and the group that he calls "the landed gentry of the shires"; in fact, he is positively reverential at times in treating them. In one incautious passage he seems to attribute Halifax's exceedingly courageous course in India, when he risked his political future through devotion to principle, to the man's consciousness of wealth and aristocratic station; he was safe whatever happened! The fact is, of course, that a leader of Halifax's moral fibre would have been rigidly unbending under any circumstances. But on the whole the book is a remarkable feat in contemporaneous biography. The author has had some new and valuable materials at his disposal. They include previously unpublished papers by Lord Halifax, the recollections of various associates in India and in the West Indies, and data from Conservative Party leaders.

We have here the fullest account of Lord Irwin's great work in India yet published; an interesting story throughout, and particularly interesting wherever two men, Gandhi and Winston Churchill, crossed Irwin's path. We have also the fullest account yet given in any authoritative way of Lord Halifax's visits to Berchtesgaden and to Rome, and of his role in the successive crises through which the Nazi policy led Europe. Lord Halifax never claimed that Munich meant "peace in our time," but instead acknowledged that it represented "a hideous choice of evils." New light is thrown on a variety of political matters in the years when Baldwin and Chamberlain headed the British Government, and the pages on the abdication of Edward VIII are particularly noteworthy; the author believes that

Winston Churchill and Lord Halifax

Halifax played a larger part in that affair than is generally supposed, and he is quite skeptical as to Baldwin's official version of events. The book may convince many American readers that they have oversimplified certain transactions between the annexation of Austria and the assault on Poland. It will also teach many a deeper respect for Lord Halifax's really noble qualities—for his earnestness, his conscientiousness, his democratic if rather shy tactfulness, and his unswerving adherence to duty.

"For the Sake of Power"

PIERRE LAVAL. By Henry Torrès. New York: Oxford University Press. 1941. 265 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by A. RANDLE ELLIOTT

THOSE who have wondered about the early political and financial affiliations of France's ranking Naziphile, Pierre Laval, will welcome this biography by Henry Torrès, well-known international lawyer and formerly vice-chairman of the foreign affairs committee of the French Parliament, who has known Laval for more than thirty years. It deals chiefly with the period from early 1914, when Laval first entered the French Chamber of Deputies as its youngest socialist member, to January, 1936, when the pro-Nazi politician was forced to resign as French Premier.

Torrès does not attempt to conceal his bitter dislike of Laval, but he supports his character study with an impressive array of facts. The young Pierre began his legal and political career as an ardent champion of trade-unionist socialism, but broke with the working classes a few years after the World War, because his desire for wealth could be satisfied only by representing wealthy clients. "He wanted power for the sake of money, and money for the sake of power." Under this formula for cumulative advancement, he acquired both fortune and position. As Foreign Minister and Premier, Torrès contends, Laval maintained unscrupulous relations with Fascist Italy and Nazi Germany; only his political downfall in 1936 kept him from preventing ratification of the Franco-Soviet Pact of 1935, which he had signed and then furtively tried to sabotage.

M. Torrès regrettably skims over the all-important last five years in only a few pages. The book is therefore inconclusive on Laval's direct responsibility for the final weakness and military breakdown of France, but nevertheless, it stands out as a useful popular account of his politically formative years.

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Spies All the Way

TOTAL ESPIONAGE. By Curt Riess. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1941. 318 pp. $2.75.

Reviewed by HENRY B. KRANZ

"TOTAL war necessitates total espionage," says Curt Riess, former German journalist in his foreword to a most fascinating book on the Brown network, the espionage organizations of the Third Reich, and the men who are in it. Many books have been written on that subject, but none more thrilling, more colorful, or more revealing. Mr. Riess is not a historian but a reporter, analyst, and witty story teller. He admits he knows hardly more than what he has read in the newspapers. However, he has collected material from collaborators in Japan, Germany, Mexico, and in the Balkans; and he has also used files of the Deuxième Bureau which were rescued from Paris. He has drawn from refugees stories which sound incredible but which are true about the work of the British Intelligence Service.

We read about the revolution of espionage: how Colonel Nicolai of the German army was the first to realize that modern espionage must be entirely different from the old-fashioned, romantic type of espionage in the last war. We read about Hess, the organizer, who founded the Liaison Staff with its three basic principles: Everyone can spy; everyone must spy; everything can be found out. We read about the AO-Ausland Organization: how Ernst Bohle covered the globe with a membership of three million so-called Germans abroad and many hundreds of Bureaus, Clubs, and Leagues, all principally Nazi Party agencies. And we read about Russian and Japanese esiponage techniques from which the Nazis apparently have learned everything they know.

The book is full of brilliantly told stories, of amusing and horrible tales. Many are new. Many have been heard before but here they are knitted together like clues in an exciting detective book. The documentation is rather meager. Important chapters of Nazi spy work are missing: the kidnapping of Berthold Jacob and the murder of Professor Lessing, Alfred Rosenberg's anti-semitic organizations in Switzerland, the role played by Sir Henry Deterding as ally of Hitler and of Putzi Hanfstaengl in this country. There is very little told about the Nazi espionage results in Austria, in the Lowlands, in the Scandinavian countries, and nothing about the connections between the Brown spy ring and fifth columnists in Sudetenland, in Brittany, and in White Russian circles.

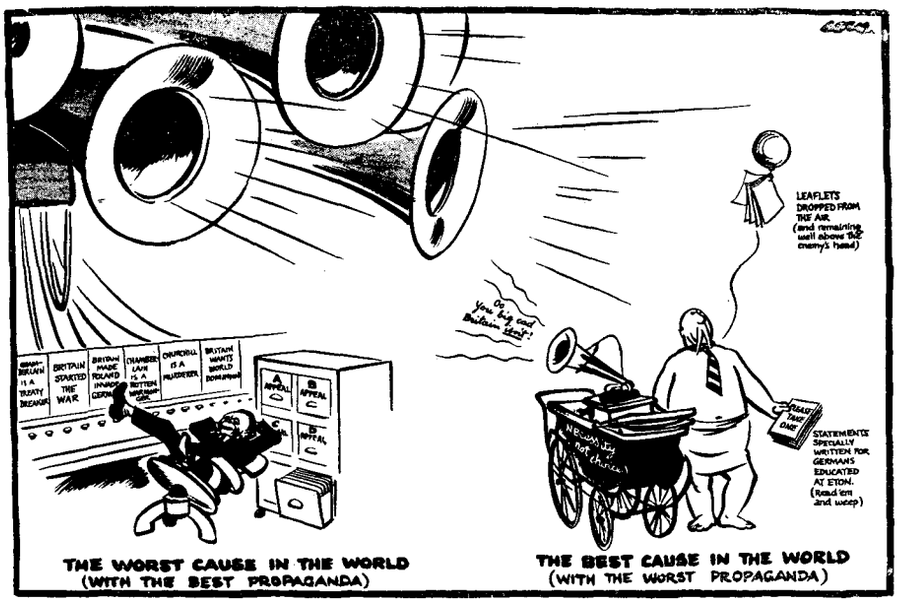
Mr. Riess succeeds, however, in giving a clear and definite picture of the Nazi octopus and of how Germany gradually, methodically, and thoroughly gained a foothold in almost every country of the globe. The chapters on Mexico, on Lord Runciman's mission to Prague, of the work of the Deuxième Bureau in Paris, of Bonnet's treason, of Hjalmar Schacht's and Eugen Ott's missions in the Far East and Japan are illuminating.

The author also points out—and for the first time—how intimately connected propaganda and espionage are. (He devotes many pages to propaganda activities in a book on espionage but omits to mention the paramount part played by radio propaganda.) He sees spies everywhere.

At first the Nazi spies won brilliant victories. But now "Europe is full of spies," and they are spying against the Nazis. The oppressed nations are hitting back and hitting hard. In America the F.B.I., after waiting a long time and losing much ground, began to strike in 1941. Mr. Riess would have preferred to see them take action much earlier, "the only action that could put down this total machine—total annihilation."

And today, the author says the Nazi army is surrounded by spies, it is encircled by espionage. "Now the world knows. Now the world will not be taken by surprise any longer. Counter-espionage has become total."

Curt Riess's book should be widely read. Readers on the East Coast will wake up to the danger of a secret Nazi army, readers on the West Coast to the danger of a secret Japanese army in this country. Both armies are a single body. This is just one of the many facts revealed in a most timely and most necessary war book.


LEAFLETS DROPPED FROM THE AIR (and remaining well above the enemy's head)
STATEMENTS SPECIALLY WRITTEN FOR GERMANS EDUCATED AT ETON. (Read 'em and weep)
THE WORST CAUSE IN THE WORLD (WITH THE BEST PROPAGANDA)
THE BEST CAUSE IN THE WORLD (WITH THE WORST PROPAGANDA)

—From "Low on the War."

After the War . . .

BOOM OR BUST. By Blair Moody. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 1941. 336 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by PETER F. DRUCKER

IN this readable but not very profound book a Washington newspaperman tries to develop a constructive policy to prevent a post-war collapse. Mr. Moody may be called a moderate New Dealer insofar as he shares all the assumptions of the more radical of yesterday's braintrusters without, however, following them in their conclusions. He bases his whole argument upon the two assumptions which underlie the New Deal philosophy between 1937 and the present war, namely that the keys to our economic problems lie in the facts that our economy has reached "maturity" and that the masses do not have enough purchasing power.

Wherever the book confines itself to straight reporting, it does a very good job explaining to the layman what has been going on, who the people are who are working on the post-war problems in Washington and what they think individually and collectively. But Mr. Moody intended to do a great deal more than to give a behind-the-scenes view of the Economic Defense Board and other agencies. He intended to develop a program. Of course, we cannot judge any such program today; we would have to wait five or ten years to decide about its adequacy. But although Mr. Moody's program is only a few months old, it is already dated, and it appears strangely faded and almost unreal against the background of the daily news from the Pacific.

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Dunn and/or Dooley

MR. DOOLEY'S AMERICA, A Life of Finley Peter Dunn. By Elmer Ellis. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1941. 310 *pp., with index.* $3.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

HERE is a meticulous job of research which presents much that is fine and gay in the writings of Peter Finley Dunn, but does not bring back "the tender grace of a day that is dead!"

Peter Dunn, who pulled the wires and was the voice that spoke as "Mr. Dooley," was a glamorous man. It is an understatement to say that he was full of color. Peter Dunn was, himself, color and light. From 1896 for a decade and a half, he was Pegler, Mark Sullivan, General Hugh Johnson, Eleanor Roosevelt, and Will Rogers rolled into one. His place in contemporary writing was a part of our American heritage. Mr. Dooley had distinguished literary forebears, other figures created to carry the fun and philosophy of their days. Mr. Dooley was begotten of M. Quad's "Lime Kiln Club" out of Marietta Holly's "Samantha Allen," and Marietta Holly and the "Lime Kiln Club" came from "Petroleum V. Nasby," "Josh Billings," "Artemus Ward," the *Danbury News* Man and Ike Marvel—and so on back to Ben Franklin's "Almanac."

Always, since the birth of this Republic, someone has rigged up a character, usually a comic character, to impersonate amid the passing problems of the times, a dramatized point of view. It is a good old American custom and "Mr. Dooley" came from an honorable ancestry.

This book makes a record of Dooley's doings and sayings. It is not history. It is a G-string obbligato of American history from McKinley and Bryan to Wilson. Mr. Ellis has tried to carry the theme song of the times under Mr. Dunn's "Dooley" obbligato. His research is commendable, but some way he did not see what a lovely, sunny time it was, how really carefree we were compared with the times during or just following the Civil War and the times that were ushered in with Wilson. It was sun and fun on the surface when Mr. Dooley danced an Irish jig through it all.

Occasionally, in his desire to bring to us the overflowing cup of Dooley's humor, the author has anglicized the Dooley sayings a little. Perhaps another generation will need an interlinear translation. For after all, we citizens of the United States are dropping our racial and regional accents. Pretty soon the Kentuckian will not say "kaint" nor the New Englander say "cahnt" and probably before this century ends, all the dialects in which the literature of the United States from the Civil War to the World War was written, will have to be translated or accompanied with a heavy glossary. Someone will get up a series of pony translations of "Uncle Remus," "Mr. Spoopendyke," James Whitcomb Riley's poems, the sayings of "Josh Billings," "Huckleberry Finn," and possibly Lincoln's Gettysburg Address, if we keep on talking radioese.

In that day, let us send for Mr. Ellis. He has brought to this generation Mr. Dooley and his day and has done a public service to a time that is rapidly forgetting a really great American commentator. For "Mr. Dooley" was a part of his times. He influenced the thought and the action of a day that has been gone now these nearly thirty years. In 1971, who will vitalize Walter Lippmann and translate him for the sons of the veterans of the third world war? Whoever essays the task should realize that Professor Ellis of the history department of the University of Missouri has cooled off and embalmed Mr. Dooley with almost human lineaments, and Dr. Ellis's heir and assign who tries to warm over Mr. Lippmann, will have an excellent working model.

—A caricaturist conception of Mr. Dooley, by F. B. Opper.

But the Town Changed

A SENTIMENTAL YANKEE. By John De Meyer. New York: Random House. 1941. 308 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by PHIL STONG

WHAT Rockefeller did for Williamstown and Henry Ford for "antique" New England, Mr. De Meyer's fictional playwright attempts to do for the "typical" American small town. He catches what seems to be a reasonably robust New England village and bribes and hornswoggles it into being the little town he knew before he went to New York, with water snakes instead of chlorine in the swimming pool, neighborly handshakes instead of Rotarian wallops, Mother Grundy instead of Machiavelli in social relationships, and barbecues, Yankee version, instead of banquets. The idea is good and could be funny.

The disadvantage of the change is not made apparent or even conceded, and the book is quite as sentimental in conception as the hero's project. This hero asks why the town wants to grow bigger, and no one tells this hero, who has an income of only $50,000 a year, and autographed pictures of actresses, that the reason the town wants to grow bigger is so that the folks who got there fustest with the mostest real estate can enjoy autographed pictures of actresses and an income of $50,000 a year. With enough income one can afford to annoy his helpless contemporaries by piddling around with the Past, and with enough autographed pictures of actresses he is very likely to want to; but this is not really the way of the stalwart pioneer or of the stalwart typical American villager, unwinding a warm woolly fender from his spinal column.

Modernity has its drawbacks, but it is a pleasant thing to keep in the bathroom, at least, and as far as warm hearts and simple manners are concerned, the larcenies of the modern Yankee villager are generally suave but quite as effective as those of the old days; the sweet friendliness of the homespun never quite reached the heights of an average New York mayoralty campaign, but the intentions were sound, if clumsy.

The hero is implausible because his utterances and performances never come up to the advertisements of his admirers. The effect is about the same as though Marc Antony arose in ACT III., Scene 2, and delivered the annual memorial address of the East Haddam Volunteer Fire Department. The business of celebrating a hero and then attempting his performances is obviously very dangerous; yeast advertisements are not all written by Olympic champions, prepared to demonstrate.

The book goes as smoothly as a succession of second acts, with some reasonably amusing dialogue at intervals; but on the climaxes—occasionally pointed out by the use of italics—no one seems to be working very hard but the stagehands.

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The Saturday Review
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IS LITERATURE DEAD?

A WRITER we know well called our attention recently to a remarkable statement embodied in a review. "Literature," said the sentence, "indeed, is like a great country which has lost its prestige; it no longer has any power, only a great tradition." Upon inquiry we found that this was written by one quite eminent in the field of criticism and the author of several analytical books. We went back and reread the sentence several times. If it were true, we thought, it was a major calamity. Religion had partially lost its power, we were well aware. Poetry, for a while, seemed to have taken its place as a spiritual force. If now literature in general were failing mankind, there remained nothing but stark materialism and such a continued resort to universal warfare as is at the time prevailing.

Even the most sage of writers occasionally makes a wild statement. We cannot but think that, in a moment of disheartenment over world conditions, the above is such a one. However, appearing as it did in the pages of a rather literary magazine, it came with the voice of authority to a large number of people who constantly read and presumably ponder; and it seems in order to venture a counter-statement.

Of course, it all depends upon what you mean by "literature." In the accepted sense of the term, literature includes all writing of excellence in whatever field, writing distinguished by mastery of technique, form, and medium. This, says the critic, "has no longer any power, only a great tradition." Power, we may ask, upon whom? Has literature—the greatest thoughts, the bravest and wisest words of men and women through the ages, distinguished for their nobility of spirit and high idealism—no power now, actually, upon the minds of people educated enough to read and intelligent enough to digest their reading?

Peculiarly enough the statement—that of a high-minded and judicious critic of literature—seems somehow strangely akin to such as occur in that Bible of our spiritual enemies, the Nazis. It is the kind of thing the Nazi dispensation spews out concerning all that is fine and noble in human life or thought. It is the deadly realism of the spiritually dead. How could it issue from the pen of one strongly sealed to our own cohorts?

We can only say that anything in the way of disheartenment and defeatisms seems possible in these grim days. The most incongruous statements are heard from the finest sort of people. The world has been staggered and confused by the onslaught of frank and outspoken barbarism, sneering at and deriding everything that had any sort of objective other than slavery and admitted any sort of force other than that of a machine-gun, a dive-bomber, or a panzer division. Necessity has drilled us into the knowledge that force must be met by force. The highest aims and ideals of man seem temporarily powerless, compared with direct action.

Toughly practical we must be; and having just listened over the radio to the state of war now existing between the United States and the Japanese Empire, for an absolutely necessary reason, the writer realizes just how tough we shall have to be. That is, however, no reason to deny literature as a force in human affairs, as it conveys Man's highest hopes and most burning aspirations. If there is now no power in literature, only a great tradition, we are lost indeed. Art is cast on the scrap-heap, that the road may be made clear for perpetual armament. Naturally, in time of war, art has to struggle to maintain itself; it is pretty well ploughed under. But the world must strive, nevertheless, to keep the flame alive; otherwise there is no issue to any war save a greater calamity than that with which it began.

Literature is truly a great country, but its prestige is no empty matter. It is the core of all civilization. It is the foundation of all humane and gracious living, of all human understanding. After the last war it appeared for a time to be a mere appanage of the waste land; but we have come to the realization, through folly and suffering, that man does not live—not only by bread alone, but by machines alone, by science alone, by materialism alone. Nor does he live by so-called "ideologies" alone. He lives by the endeavor toward universal truth, of which literature is the greatest channel and conveyor. When he ceases to have faith in the power of truth, of his own most searching thought and noblest dreams, then indeed will he become the paralyzed dupe of a mere empty tradition. Then will he gladly embrace barbarism and sink forever in the scale. For it is the living word, which is literature, that has raised him above the beast.

W. R. B.

Totem

By Robert P. Tristam Coffin

NOW every field with pumpkin leaves
Dark with frost is full of thieves
Going in trousers half the way
To the ground. It isn't play.
Each boy with freckles ear to ear
Over his nose has heard a clear
Summons from the dying sun.
It is desperate work, not fun,
He heeds a call too high or low
For men to hear, so he must go
Through the dusk and find the round
Kin of the sun bound to the ground
By vines and sending out dim light
To help the low sun battle night.

When he finds his sphere of flame,
He hugs it to him without shame
And runs to carve it with his knife.
He is working for dear life
Of the sun who freckled him.
He burns to print his own boy face
Upon this curve of yellow space;
He cuts a face that comes from dim
Forgotten ages when men could
Help the sun and rain and good
Powers challenge death and win.
Under his knife a totem grin
Widens in square eyes and mouth.
He puts in fire. Geese may go south,
This fiery grin of small-boy mirth
Will draw the Spring sun back home north.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

"Was Rebecca Plagiarized?"

SIR:—In the matter of Du Maurier versus Nabuco ["Was Rebecca Plagiarized?" *SRL,* Nov. 29]: I have read neither "Rebecca" nor "A Sucesora," but it is recognized among learned investigators of literary influences that "plagiarism" lies in the detail, not in the main idea. Show me a couple of sentences translated literally from the Brazilian novel, and I shall begin to believe that Miss Du Maurier saw the other manuscript; if they cannot be found, we may dismiss the business from our minds.

S. G. MORLEY.

Berkeley, Calif.

SIR:—I do not doubt that parallels in the matter of "Rebecca" might be extended indefinitely. At any rate, I have come upon one which, in view of the controversy, may be of interest.

Mr. S. M. Ellis in "Wilkie Collins," "Le Fanu and Others" (1931), remarks easily that Joseph Conrad derived the machinery of his "The Inn of the Two Witches" from Collins's "A Terribly Strange Bed." Both tales, as may be guessed, employ a murderously descending canopy which is by now so commonplace a device as to be frayed (*vide* Crane Wilbur's use of it in his thriller, "The Monster," some years ago).

But Ellis appears not to have been aware that Conrad, in the preface to the collection in which the tale appeared ("Within the Tides," 1920), specifically denied knowing Collins's story.

Earlier, Collins himself, in the preface to the collection in which his tale appears ("After Dark"), had acknowledged himself indebted "to the accomplished artist, Mr. W. S. Herrick . . . for the curious and interesting facts" on which this tale and another were founded. In the same preface he is eager to assure his readers further that "The fact that the events of some of my tales occur on foreign ground, and are acted out by foreign personages, appears to have suggested . . . that the stories themselves might be of foreign origin. Let me . . . assure any readers . . . they may depend on the genuineness of my literary offspring."

The two stories do employ the same striking mechanism but they employ it very differently, while at the same time both authors felt it necessary to disclaim any more specific originals than those they mention. This seems a parallel pertinent enough to warrant mention in the case of *Rebecca vs. A Sucesora* if only because it removes the ground of discussion to a mechanism which is considerably narrower than a theme and still cannot in any degree reflect upon the honesty (while at the same time demonstrating the skill) of Joseph Conrad or, for that matter, of Wilkie Collins.

JAMES SANDOE.

Boulder, Colorado

"Well, what has Gypsy Rose Lee got I haven't got?"

SIR:—In re the Nabuco case, here is another to add to the list:

Back in 1933 Longmans, Green published "Worth Remembering," by Rhys James, a story of some unconventional children and their equally unconventional negro Mammy. One incident relates how a lion got into the family yard, to be used by one of the children as a pillow, the child having elected to sleep on the lawn one night and the lion having strayed in from a nearby animal show. Later, poor Leo was booted out by an irate Mammy, while the lion's owner nearly had heart failure watching her.

This month's *Readers Digest* has a short story, "Mousie," in which a girl clerk, meek as a mouse, and afraid to call her soul her own, becomes an Amazon because, while she is lunching at the drugstore, during her noon hour, a lion from a nearby animal show strays in and filches a macaroon from her nerveless fingers. Naturally the news reel and news men made much of the incident. This story was copyrighted by its author, Grace Sartwell Mason in 1934, one year after the other yarn appeared, or was copyrighted.

Inasmuch as Mrs. Mason was a writer of repute before Rhys James was born—to literature anyhow—I doubt if either author would ever think of plagiarism in this connection. Mrs. Mason's story, one surmises, is a figment of the imagination. The other, I have heard, was drawn from a childhood incident.

MRS. ROGER BALLARD.

New Orleans, Louisiana

Line Forms to the Right

SIR:—I believe if you would print the following information, you would render a distinct service to some writer who is searching for a desirable spot to work and live economically.

I have just returned from a trip to Eureka Springs, Arkansas, and was amazed at property values, rents, and cost of living in general. Homes could be purchased for $200 upwards and rents range from $8.00 a month on up. I looked at one house of nine rooms that was built for spacious living at the turn of the century and found it could be purchased for only $1,650. This place had three fireplaces, steam heat, garage, and the upstairs had been made into servants' quarters in addition to the other nine rooms.

Hair cuts in this town cost but 25 cents and shaves 15 cents and everything was proportionately lower. This town is situated in northwestern Arkansas in the heart of the Ozarks and offers a truly wonderful and healthy climate and scenery. Perhaps the chief reason for these startling prices is that this town could almost be termed a "ghost town." I was told that it once boasted a permanent population of 10,000 as compared to 1,400 at the present time and had hotel accommodations for another 15,000 persons. At the present time it enjoys some patronage as a local summer resort but nothing to even faintly resemble the old days.

I was so forcefully struck with the thought that this would certainly be an ideal spot for a writer to retire to and carry on his work with a minimum of expense that I am taking this occasion to present these facts to your attention.

Inasmuch as I am not in the real

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estate business nor do I wish to publicize the town in particular, I would suggest that my name be withheld if this is printed.

B. H.

Naperville, Illinois

Who's All Wet?

SIR:—From the deluged heart of a water-logged librarian gushes forth this torrent of weary water-ways that may wind their way to a sea of sorts but not to one of my charting.

"The first fatal mistake was to Return to the River when they might have known it was a River of Ruins and not a River of Earth; and sure enough when They Came to a River, it turned out to be not only a Big River to Cross, but Swift Flows the River, Wild is the River—and The River Rises! So how in the name of all the watery wastes of publishers' titles are they ever going to Reckon with the River—???"

LUISE KELLEY.

Washington, D. C.

"Cemetery Path"

SIR:—In *SRL*, Nov. 29, you ask the source of "Cemetery Path." I cannot tell you, but I have heard the story by word of mouth from a native of the Argentine. As he told it, the characters were gauchos and the man put upon had to go at night to a lonely little church and drive the knife into the floor before the altar. He was found dead in precisely the same way as the man in "Cemetery Path."

R. W. COWDEN.

Ann Arbor, Mich.

SIR:—I cannot tell Mr. Leonard Q. Ross who wrote first the story of the sword in the cloak. But I was extremely interested to see him give it a Russian setting. The story has been familiar to me since my childhood in Texas. My grandmother from Kentucky first told it to me. *She* remembered hearing it as a child after supper in the detached kitchen, from the lips of the colored mammy cook. Until bedtime the children would beg, "Mammy, tell us another ghost story."

These people in Kentucky came in through Virginia from England. The way they tell it, they knew a man who knew a man who knew the fellow who pinned his cloak to the ground. It happened in Kentucky.

VIVIAN RICHARDSON.

Brooklyn, N. Y. C.

SIR:—Page 12 [*SRL*, Nov. 29] . . . I cannot tell you *who wrote* this . . . but it may interest you to know that some 55 or 60 years ago our nurse told it to us as one of the traditional thrillers which made the cold chills run up and down our childish spines. Only, in her story, the timid one was a woman and the cemetery was—in West Kentucky parlance—"a graveyard"—and the dagger "a butcher knife." Of course the garment that was pierced and held her was the long dress of that period and the many periods before. Otherwise the words were almost the very same and the denouement the very same.

MRS. W. T. FOWLER.

Lexington, Ky.

Sunset Anthologist Wanted

SIR:—One of our librarians has left, on library cards with references, some three hundred passages dealing with sunrise or sunset. If any anthologist would find these of value, I should be glad to send them to him.

R. MORGAN.

1101 Missouri,
Laurence, Kans.

"Two-Way Passage"

SIR:—May I offer a brief comment on Mr. Adamic's letter in the Nov. 8th issue.

"Hitler's idea will be overwhelmed only by a panzer idea which is positive and constructive . . .," says Mr. Adamic.

Really, I wonder. I wonder whether it will be some great overpowering idea that will be necessary to beat Mr. Hitler, or whether people in general are not getting a little nauseated with the monotonous diet of super-duper ideas that, as Alfred Jingle might put it, "Run on—fly on—bolt—mizzle—steam-engine—thousand horsepower . . ." and knock us all over with sheer dynamic energy.

I wonder if the best way to beat Mr. Hitler's "panzer" idea is not through some contrasting, simple appeal to every man's everyday life. It's all very well to call this a "counter-revolution" or "nihilist," or a "totalitarian revolt against democratic processes"; but really, to plain men and women, who marry, bring forth children, must earn money, and do the endless, plain things that 99.999999 out of every hundred of us must do every routine day of our existence—to these, such "dynamic" words hold small tangible reality.

What word in the English language has been left with so little meaning as the word "democracy," belabored as it has been by ten thousand chattering tongues, working in perpetual motion in favor of this or that "dynamic idea"? So vague has it become with such constant stretching to cover any —*any* cause, that it has in truth become our most vulnerable point, the joint in our armor, the very target for an antagonistic creed.

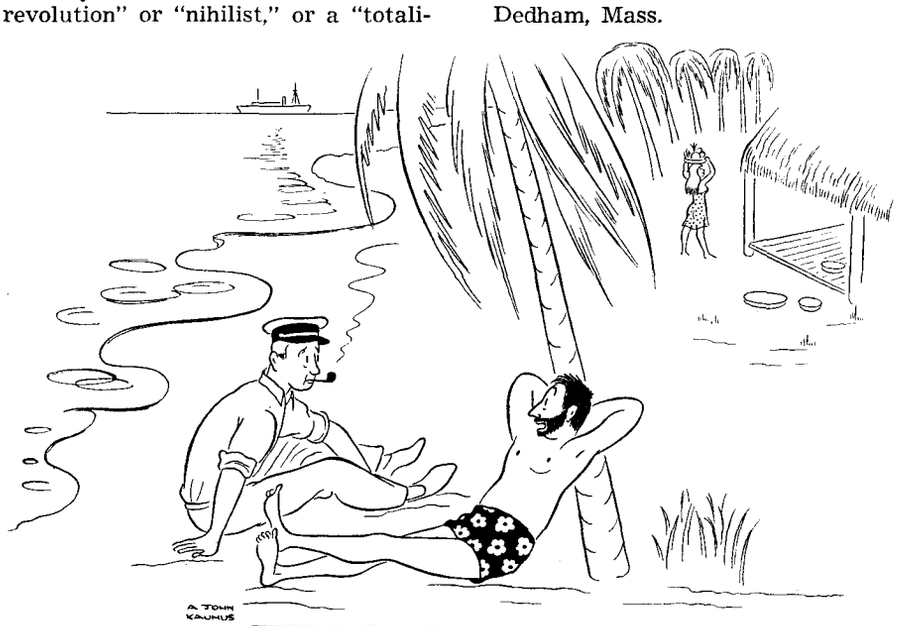
Why must we have "an over-all idea"? What "creative resource" must acquire that we haven't now in order to know enough to fight and lick a crowd of Nazis out to lick us? Mr. Adamic "bets on the John Smiths" even if they are "confused." And what, pray, has confused them but the nightly blast of the many-mouthed urging this or that "over-all idea"?

In Heaven's name, if we are fitted to be free men, we know when a thing is a threat without having to be told that it is "counter-revolutionary" or "nihilist" (what *does* that word mean, anyway?) If we do not appreciate today's threat, it is because that threat has been smothered by tons and tons of ponderous words, calling it every name under the sun but "threat"!

"I have a hunch," reveals Mr. Adamic, "That the country is really beginning to think!" The country was thinking, I submit, a long time before Mr. Adamic or any living person was born! The only trouble today is that every time anyone starts to think, he is hit on the head by some one with a super-duper, "panzer idea"!

FRANCES HARDING.

Dedham, Mass.



"I came here 14 years ago to write a novel but I forgot to bring the paper with me."

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The Chateau Mystery

KATHARINE DUNLAP

One evening recently I related to a group of friends a story I had read long ago. None could identify its title or author. Can you? This is the story:

I HAD sensed something sinister about the old château on the banks of the Loire river not far from Vendôme, with its shuttered windows, locked doors, and rank, neglected garden, and had made inquiries about it. The innkeeper's wife could tell me little except that it had belonged to the Comte and Comtesse de Merret. He was hot-tempered and proud; the Comtesse was gentle, devout, and lovely to look at. For some years their marriage had gone with seeming smoothness, then one day the château was empty and Vendôme never saw them again. Monsieur de Merret died soon after in Paris, and Madame now lived alone on a far-off country estate, a white-haired ghost.

When I found out that Rosalie, the maid at the Vendôme inn where I was staying, had once been maid to the Comtesse, I begged her for the story. She was reluctant, but I used all my arts of persuasion and finally one evening she related the tale, to which I listened with a strange excitement.

It had been a quiet household, said Rosalie. Monsieur de Merret was somewhat arrogant and demanding, and Madame was of an extreme pity and gave way to him in everything; even in that summer of her slight illness when he, not wishing to be inconvenienced, moved to an upstairs bedroom, Madame made no complaint. Indeed she was perhaps relieved to have her big, ground-floor bedroom to herself, for it looked out on the pleasant garden and over the river. In her room there was a large fireplace at one end, and at the other a closet about four feet deep in which hung Madame's dresses. Madame always liked to make herself beautiful, even if Monsieur no longer noticed it.

During Madame's illness Monsieur spent his evenings at the club in town, playing cards or discussing politics. At that time the town was full of Spaniards—paroled prisoners of war whom the Emperor Napoleon had sent to Vendôme. Rosalie had noticed one in particular, a young, handsomé Spanish grandee, who kept much to himself, going for walks in the evening. One of the stable boys had seen him swimming late one night in the river near the château.

Monsieur de Merret always went straight to his room when he returned from the town, but one evening in the autumn, coming late from his club, he left his lantern at the foot of the staircase and strode down the vaulted stone passage to Madame's door. As he turned the key to enter his wife's room he thought he heard the door of her closet close quickly, but when he entered she was standing across the room by the fireplace. She was pale, and in her eyes was an anxious, haunted expression.

"You are late," she said, quietly. At that instant Rosalie came in from the hall. It was not she, then, who had closed the closet door. Rosalie saw the surge of doubt, then the rage, on Monsieur's face She hurried from the room but lingered outside and heard his voice, cold as ice:

"Madame, there is someone in that closet!"

His wife replied, quite simply, "No, Monsieur."

He strode toward the closet, but Madame stopped him. "If you find no one there, everything will be at an end between us!" she said.

He looked intently at her.

"Very well; I will not open it. Listen: your soul's salvation and your hope of eternity means much to you. Swear on this crucifix that no one is there and the door will stay shut."

He picked up her crucifix—a curious Spanish one in ebony and wrought silver.

Without a tremor Madame laid her hand upon it and said, "I swear it."

"Send for your maid," he commanded. When Rosalie had come he said to her, "Go instantly and fetch Gorenflot, the mason. Tell him to bring his trowel, and the bricks and plaster that are in the new stable."

Terrified, Rosalie sped to do his bidding. When she brought the bewildered mason, Monsieur gave orders swiftly: "Wall up that closet door, quickly and silently. Do your task well and you shall never lack for money—as long as you do not talk. Rosalie, too."

The mason set to work. Once Madame called to Rosalie to fetch a shawl, and her icy hand caught the girl's fingers. "Tell Gorenflot to leave an opening—somehow," she breathed, then added aloud, "Go fetch more candles so that the mason may see better."

Except for the scraping of the trowel there was silence. The wall grew higher. When it was half built Gorenflot took advantage of his master's back being turned to break the small pane of glass in the top of the closet door with a blow of his trowel. For a brief instant a pair of eyes, dark with horror, looked out, but there was no sound. They disappeared as Monsieur turned.

The work was finished as dawn broke. Monsieur called his confidential valet. "My wife is ill," he said. "I shall not leave her. You may serve our meals here."

For twenty days Monsieur de Merret remained in his wife's room. At one time, during the first days, there were some faint sounds from the closet and Madame, half-fainting, cried out. But Monsieur stopped the words she would have uttered. *"You swore on the cross that no one was there! That is enough."*

After awhile no more sounds were heard. There was only Madame's quiet weeping.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 404)

THOMAS DEKKER:
OLD FORTUNATUS

'Tis I that tread on necks of conquerors
And when, like demi-gods, they have been drawn
In ivory chariots to the capitol,
. . . . . .
I have pricked
The bladder of their pride, and made them die
. . . . . .
This fortune does.

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Proustian Predecessor

THACKERAY: A Critical Portrait. By John W. Dodds. New York: Oxford University Press. 1941. 257 *pp., with index.* $3.

Reviewed by R. Ellis Roberts

THE first number of "Vanity Fair" was published in 1847, six months before Thackeray's thirty-sixth birthday; and in 1863, with at least two other—I should say three—major novels to his credit, some lovely light verse, an inimitable children's book, a sheaf of essays among which are many of the best written in English, Thackeray died. In this discriminating and sensitive study of the man and his work, Dr. Dodds rightly spends time in consideration of the late flowering of Thackeray's genius, and its belated reception by the critics and the public. For before "Vanity Fair" there was a masterpiece, "Barry Lyndon"; and there was much besides to show that one of the most observant minds alive was at work. Yet scarcely anyone paid proper attention.

To the devotee of Thackeray the thing is a mystery. An early success would almost certainly have induced him to forsake the tiring round of journalism, to concentrate much sooner on a book that would have developed him more than did the entertaining miscellanea, which form the bulk of his earlier writing. It is true that while he matured mentally and emotionally far quicker than did Dickens, his experience of living, until the tragic illness of his wife, was less various, less provocative, than Dickens's. Whatever the reason for the delay, it resulted in "Vanity Fair" and Becky Sharp; and many of us, much though we may love Dickens, would echo Jane Carlyle's verdict that "Vanity Fair" is "very good indeed, beats Dickens out of the world." Dr. Dodds, in writing of "Philip," puts in one sentence the great merit of Thackeray:

> It is impressively clear that the decline of Thackeray's narrative power brought with it little weakening of his amazing ability to catch in words that abundant sense of reality in characterization which is his great contribution to fiction.

Dr. Dodds is particularly good in his detailed criticism of the novels. He might perhaps have suggested that "Barry Lyndon" seems to show an acquaintance with Casanova's memoirs; and I am more an enthusiast for "Pendennis" than he. His acute notice of the part played by time in the great novels, especially "Vanity Fair" and "The Newcombs," is a shrewd piece of criticism: in this, and in other particulars, Thackeray is a predecessor of Marcel Proust.

Dr. Dodds's essay is not a biography; but he writes with affection and imaginative sympathy on the troubled, hard life of a man whose character gains in stature the more that is revealed of him. This book is well worth buying for its own sake, and no student of Thackeray's life, no one who treasures fresh information about a life heroic in its uncomplaining shouldering of tragedy, can afford to miss the extracts from letters which are here printed for the first time. I wish Dr. Dodds could persuade the Thackeray trustees to allow him to edit a complete collection of all extant correspondence. No man ever did his name such disservice as did Thackeray when he professed to object to any authorized biography.

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Tenacious Lady

THE GREAT LADY: a biography of Barbara Villiers. By Margaret Gilmour. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1941. 386 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by Garrett Mattingly

OF the many ladies upon whom Charles II bestowed his casual affections, Barbara Villiers Palmer, Lady Castlemaine, Duchess of Cleveland, was the greediest, the most tenacious of her tenure, the most scandalous, and the least appealing. In her youth she is said to have been unusually beautiful, but if she had anything but high coloring, soft curves, and a vapid face to distinguish her, Lely's brush failed to capture it. She is said also to have been witty, but of such wit as is remembered in connection with her she was the occasion, not the author. If she ever had a generous emotion or an unselfish impulse no one recorded the phenomenon. One thing about her is indubitable: she was perfectly fitted by character and temperament for the profession she adopted, and if she was a "great lady" only by royal patent and ironic courtesy, she fully deserved the epithet great coupled with the descriptive noun which the Puritan preachers regularly applied to her. It should be set down to the credit of this biography that it does not attempt to sentimentalize, amoralize, or whitewash her unattractive character, but is content to present in graceful prose the career of Barbara Villiers.

The Topical Search

RALEGH AND MARLOWE. By Eleanor Grace Clark. New York: Fordham University Press. 1941. 488 *pp.* $4.

Reviewed by Robert A. Sille

THE discovery of topical values and allusions in Elizabethan and Jacobean authors, especially in Shakespeare's plays, has only recently become a popular sport of scholars. It is a sport with more than the usual hazards; some of its devotees seem to have been accidentally diverted into the more exciting pastures of arguing that Shakespeare was several other gentlemen with quite different names. Such, for instance, was the gallant speculator who suggested that Ariel, in "The Tempest," was obviously King James I of England and VI of Scotland.

Dr. Clark is no kin to that eager nitwit. Her book is one of the soberest, most carefully documented, and most ingenious essays in literary investigation to appear in a long time. It is in two parts.

The first, "Elizabethan Fustian," has been published before; it is a preparatory study of the way in which the poets and dramatists used "fustian," that is camouflage, to get their modern meanings across under the guise of old fables. The second part deals with "Ralegh and Marlowe." In the earlier part, she shows how many poets were preoccupied with the tragic, frustrated, and rather futile favorite and rebel, Essex, and tells once more, with imaginative sensitiveness, the disgusting and fascinating story of Robert Carr, Lady Essex, Thomas Overbury, and James I. In the second part, she seeks to prove that Marlowe was one of Ralegh's "Academy," that in the writing of "Tamburlane" he had the great Elizabethan Englishman in mind.

I find her argument here specious rather than convincing: we have only the word of a peculiarly loathsome stool-pigeon that Ralegh and Marlowe were even acquainted. I think, however, Dr. Clark practically proves her case that Giordano Bruno sat for Dr. Faustus. Anyway this book is a necessary volume for all students of the English renascence and its literature. I presume, from the book's imprint, that Dr. Clark is a Roman Catholic; if this is so, those not of her religion must admire her breadth of sympathy and undisguised liberalism. She is a worthy examplar of the great tradition of More, Colet, Erasmus, Acton, and Simpson: and I must congratulate the Fordham Press on a book so frank in its strictory of the church.

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Rubén Romero

ARTURO PERUCHO

CLASSICAL Spanish literature has a distinctive genre that is without parallel in any other European country: the *novela picaresca.* Its central character is always a *picaro,* a shameless adventurer who lives by his wits and resorts to every sort of wile to obtain his daily bread. This type of novel corresponds to the difficult conditions of existence in a country as disorganized and impoverished as Spain was between the late 15th and early 18th centuries. The *novela picaresca* is the realistic novel par excellence. Despite the amusing episodes that abound in it, it has therefore little in common with British humor, or with the delightful Italian and French stories of the same period.

This highly original literary form, created in Castille, was brought to the New World with Spanish Conquest and colonization. Like so many other elements of Spanish culture, it struck firm roots there, and its influence is still to be found in the pages of certain Latin American writers.

This is undoubtedly the case with the latest book published by the excellent Mexican writer, J. Rubén Romero, who is at present Mexican Ambassador in Havana. "Anticipación a la Muerte" (Anticipation of Death) is not a novel in the strict sense of the word: like most works of contemporary Mexican literature it verges upon the critical essay. But what narrative there is in it, betrays the scepticism, carefree grace, and downright brass that abound in the picaresque tradition of the Spanish novel.

The author resorts to the make-believe that he has died, and gives us a preview of what happens as a result of his demise. This serves to create a strange and extravagant setting, which Rubén Romero employs to offer us scenes of a pointed and often devastating realism. The following example is reminiscent of the writing of Quevedo in his "Vida del Buscón":

> My soul shuddered with indignation when it felt how these men were lugging my body, holding it by the shoulders and the feet. For it seemed as though they were removing a drunken deputy from a cabaret—dressed in his Sunday outfit and the shoes he bought for Inauguration Day.

This realistic note is sustained throughout the book. Thus the dead man, contemplating the magnificence of his funeral: "How are they going to pay for all this, I reflected with anguish, remembering that my capital amounted only to 35 pesos, and that was still hidden in the pocket of the trousers that they had taken off me."

The funeral scene is the occasion for remorseless irony. Among those accompanying "his" corpse are several real persons prominent in Mexican literary and political circles. To these he attributes hypocritical words that he assumes they would use on such an occasion.

At the graveside he has a charlatan deputy make a speech, full of commonplaces and bad rhetoric, that is indeed for another dead man. For it soon develops that the orator has confused his funerals.

Since the author assumes that he has died, he ventures upon certain confessions that he would never have dared make while still alive. Thus he announces that he rebelled against the regime of Porfirio Diaz for no weightier reason than the fact that the president had slighted a poem of his. He also tells the following episode, which seems like a page out of "Don Quixote":

> On a certain occasion I bought a phial of perfume, worth six pesos, for thirty. But since I was unable to pay the instalments, they fell due. I paid no less than 120 pesos before I was through. The merchant assured me that the operation was perfectly legal and was known as compound interest. I was more inclined to call it organized thievery. The woman to whom I gave the perfume jilted me a few days after I presented her with the gift, so that another man sniffed the aroma, while I suffered a thousand privations to pay for it.

To my mind, Romero is not a novelist in the technical sense of the word, but an incomparable *raconteur,* of unusual literary and critical gifts. In his works—above all in his "Vida Inútil de Pito Perez"—the strength and weakness of the Spanish literary heritage of the 16th and 17th centuries can be traced.

"Anticipación a la Muerte," paradoxically enough, is a book that abounds with life, more concretely, with Mexican life. It is written with an exquisite sense for the beauties of the Castilian tongue, and an irony as sharp as a dagger. In it the reader is confronted with a theme that none of the Spanish classics have shunned: the position of man before death. Rubén Romero solves the problem with loud peals of laughter. For happily the author is not dead but still very much alive, basking in the delights of Havana, and planning new works to enrich Mexico's store of literature.

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Continental Search

THROUGH THE AMERICAN LANDSCAPE. By Kaj Klitgaard. Chapel Hill: The University of North Carolina Press. 1941. 323 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by JONATHAN DANIELS

UNDOUBTEDLY, as Mr. Klitgaard says and his publishers repeat, this book is the story of a search across the continent for regional landscapes and landscape painting. He found what he sought, and some of the best modern American landscape paintings are reproduced in black and white or in color in his pages. His book is not in any sense, however, merely a work for the artistic or the arty in Dallas, Kansas City, New York, or any other cultural spot on the American scene. The truth is that this is a delightful travel-narrative about Kaj Klitgaard, and in it both art and nature serve largely as scenery unrolling behind a swiftly-moving gentleman interested in every aspect of American life.

Mr. Klitgaard writes as a man at home among the arts. He has a sharp critical eye and sometimes a sharp critical tongue for pomposity and pretense among the artists. He is bound by no artistic clichés, and is member of no exclusive school of landscape or any other kind of painting. Without pretending to make an exhaustive study of the country's painters, he manages to see a lot of good and bad work. But without minimizing the value of his work to the understanding of painting in America, I think that if he had made his journey in the quest of almost anything, he would have ended with a good book.

As an intelligent, good-natured, philosophic vagabond Mr. Klitgaard is interested not only in art galleries but also in the WPA murals in public buildings, and he is aware of billboards as well as of art schools. He tells us about the rat on his pillow in a Tourist Home, and reports on the puttied-up holes in the marble in Louisiana's capitol where the bullets hit when Huey Long was killed. There is a good earthy streak in his humor which comes out in descriptions of such things as the two rest-rooms on the Great Divide and what the caretaker said about them. His big swing took him from Woodstock, New York, by way of Florida and Southern California, to Allen Smart's farm near Chillicothe, Ohio, a huge loop of land and art. We should have a richer American art if all those who paint its varied landscapes should see it with as honest and as lively an appreciation as this Swedish seaman shows.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

FAMOUS HOMES OF MEN OF LETTERS

This week's quiz was suggested by Miss Amy Parker, of Fennimore, Wisconsin, and Mrs. Hedley V. Cooke, of Washington, D. C. Listed below are the homes of several celebrated men of letters. Can you match the homes with the writer's names? Allowing 5 points for each correct answer, a score of 60 is par, 70 is good, 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on facing page.

1. Abbotsford.	( )	John Burroughs.
2. Berchtesgaden.	( )	Lord Byron.
3. Brantwood.	( )	Thomas Carlyle.
4. Coppet.	( )	Madame de Stael.
5. Craigenputtock.	( )	Charles Dickens.
6. Dove Cottage.	( )	Thomas Hardy.
7. Farringford.	( )	Adolph Hitler.
8. Ferney.	( )	Washington Irving.
9. Gadshill Place.	( )	Thomas Jefferson.
10. Hyde Park.	( )	John Keats.
11. Kilcolman.	( )	Alexander Pope.
12. Max Gate.	( )	Franklin D. Roosevelt.
13. Monticello.	( )	John Ruskin.
14. Newstead Abbey.	( )	Sir Walter Scott.
15. Slabsides.	( )	Edmund Spenser.
16. Strawberry Hill.	( )	Robert Louis Stevenson.
17. Sunnyside.	( )	Alfred Tennyson.
18. Twickenham.	( )	Voltaire.
19. Vailima.	( )	Horace Walpole.
20. Wentworth Place.	( )	William Wordsworth.

Primer of a Planet

BIOGRAPHY OF THE EARTH. By George Gamow. New York: The Viking Press. 1941. 242 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by PAUL B. SEARS

TWO down and ten to go. We are speaking in billions. The earth is part of a planetary system organized two billion odd years ago, and is destined, according to the calculations of Dr. Gamow, to run on for another ten billion, until a final explosion of the sun shoots the works. On this scale human history is but a fine hairline. Dr. Gamow says human history is unimportant, even by comparison with a tiny speck of cosmic dust called the Earth; but perhaps he does not know with what respect his brother physicists speak of his work.

Most scientists who write for the layman are so conscious of the tentative nature of all they know that they worry along with an apology—or a hedge—on every page. Not the lively Dr. Gamow. He tells you now and then that he is a detective building his story from clues, and not an eye witness. But he doesn't rub it in and thereby spoil his story.

This story tells how the earth (probably) came into being, and gave birth to the moon. It discusses the planetary family, from overgrown Jupiter to the runt Pluto. It takes us into the interior of Mother Earth for details of her anatomy with its stresses and strains. We emerge for an account of surface events, changes in topography and climate, and finally the (possible) origin and development of living things. The book closes with an outburst of prophecy, that fairly dims the Apocalypse.

A layman is quite helpless before the scientific specialist. But so is another scientist with a different specialty. I happen to be a biologist qualified to appraise this book only in a general way. I must confess that here and there I found some of the sacred details of my own subject treated a bit roughly. The sulfur and iron bacteria do not, for example, use purely mineral food. Instead, they use chemical energy from mineral sources to manufacture perfectly good food sugar.

But after all, why quibble? The author's physics, astronomy, geology, and all the rest of it would have to be much worse than his biology to get this book on our black-list. Meanwhile, it is perhaps the most readable and brisk-moving account of the earth to appear in recent years. It is a prime short course for any one who wishes to keep up with current notions in several fields of natural science.

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London at War

THIS IS ENGLAND TODAY. By Allan Nevins. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1941. 164 *pp.* $1.25.

Reviewed by R. ELLIS ROBERTS

DR. NEVINS was in England—he was lecturing on American history on the Harmsworth foundation at Oxford—for six months from January of this year. The result is one of the most searching and valuable analyses we have of the changes made by war, of the spiritual and social aspects of Britain's war effort, and of the profound national sentiment which has alone made possible Mr. Churchill's leadership. Once more this book proves—at least to a Briton—that the real American, the American who is free altogether from the anxious adulation of the Europeanized Americans, sees most clearly the virtues and faults of England. "I see her (England) not dispirited, not weak, but well remembering that she has seen dark days before;—indeed, with a kind of instinct, that she sees a little better in a cloudy day, and that, in storm of battle and calamity, she has a secret vigor and a pulse like a cannon." So, nearly a hundred years ago, spoke Emerson: and Dr. Nevins strikes the same note again and again.

His book is the record of an acute observer and a skilled historian. He saw London, Oxford, Coventry, Southampton, Bristol, Birmingham, Glasgow, Liverpool. He saw in all those places dreadful evidence of the power of Germany to destroy physical things; he saw that this power had "not lowered the spirit of the people, but rather raised and hardened it, not lessened the unity of the population, but strengthened it." His deliberate verdict on the bombings is that the air-raids on England "had been ill-planned, blindly sporadic, and clumsily executed. It was the raiding of a dirty fighter hitting out to cause pain, not to strike a vital spot."

He tells how the Government has dealt with the problems of food and production, and the redistribution of vast numbers of people. One of the best chapters is that called "Lamps of Culture," in which Dr. Nevins gives a rapid survey of the educational work still being carried on in England. My only criticism of this is that he seems to have seen nothing of the work accomplished by the churches. My information is that in some places, notably the East End of London, Plymouth, Coventry, and Bristol the valor and faith of the clergy and devout church people were of great assistance in strengthening the weak and the wounded.

Dr. Nevins has found everywhere a determination that there shall be a new Britain, a new Europe after the war; that the victories for social justice shall not be lost. How that is to be done is a problem that cannot be settled by one country alone. I am glad that he found so little desire for idle and fruitless vengeance; but for myself I trust my countrypeople will not forget, however genuine a forgiveness they can exercise, the lesson expressed in a story Dr. Nevins tells. A friend of his staying at the Dorchester Hotel in Park Lane, said to a chambermaid that as it was after nine o'clock the Germans were probably not coming. "'Oh,' she said, 'sometimes they comes at nine, sometimes at ten, sometimes at midnight. What I says is, you can't put any reliance in those Germans.'"

Britain in Brief

ENGLAND: A SHORT ACCOUNT OF ITS LIFE AND CULTURE. By Walter S. Hinchman. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. 1941. 410 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by GARRETT MATTINGLY

ANY book which attempts to survey in brief compass the whole of British history, to say something useful and significant about the development of the country and the people, their checkered politics, their amazing literature, their timid ventures into the other arts, their character and traditions and way of life, curiously whole and continuous yet constantly changing, runs the risk of becoming either a purely interpretive essay or a mere handbook of information. To produce a volume which avoids both extremes yet fulfills both functions requires a combination of scholarship and unassuming skill less common than desirable. Helped by the index of this volume you can learn in a moment the provisions of the Treaty of Ryswick or the literary achievements of George Gascoigne, the importance of the Royal Society to science, or John Howard to prison reform, or Gilray to caricature. The presentation is so clearly organized that harried teachers confronted with English classes who have no notion of the difference between the England of Chaucer and that of Pope will probably seize upon it as a supplementary text. But it is also fun to turn the pages at random, nodding to familiar facts, discovering new ones, and coming to recognize a fresh intelligence at work which has something to say about England and the English and says it with clarity and vigor, economy and taste. The accompanying illustrations are unhackneyed and clearly reproduced.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

15. John Burroughs
14. Lord Byron
5. Thomas Carlyle
4. Madame de Stael
9. Charles Dickens
12. Thomas Hardy
2. Adolph Hitler
17. Washington Irving
13. Thomas Jefferson
20. John Keats
18. Alexander Pope
10. Franklin D. Roosevelt
3. John Ruskin
1. Sir Walter Scott
11. Edmund Spenser
19. Robert Louis Stevenson
7. Alfred Tennyson
8. Voltaire
16. Horace Walpole
6. William Wordsworth

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THE IMPACT OF REVOLUTION

(*Continued from page* 4)

rounds, discovered their children for the first time; university students, superficially estranged from their parents, found again in their homes the sympathy and understanding which formerly they ignored; husbands and wives rediscovered lost companionship. Old friendships, too, were strengthened —friendships, that is, not destroyed by the new Nazi dichotomies. Many turned again to religion and the church, slighted since childhood in the press of a busy adult life. Because there were these things to which one might turn, there were those who were able to go on living within the framework of Nazi Germany. But for some it was not enough.

To lower one's level of aspiration was another possibility. Fewer goals and lower were insurance against the galling discrepancy of ambition and reality. First to appear, and most obvious throughout, was the relinquishing of such long-term goals as professional success; to practise one's profession at all was the problem—never mind going to the top. But in more subtle spheres as well, the surrender of aspiration disrupted the normal patterns of life. Things formerly taken for granted became, at times, the supreme goals.

The reactions described thus far have been, in the main, passive. But action, too, was a possibility. People persecuted as were these might very well thirst for revenge. With the threat of punishment immediate and severe, however, there naturally were few cases of direct attack against Nazis. Only three physical assaults were reported and but two writers joined the underground. If direct aggression entailed more of a penalty than it was worth, displaced aggression offered a cheap and often gratifying way of relieving one's feelings. Taking it out on one's friends and family in rudeness was a common vent. "I could not even look at this symbol, this swastika," one man confessed, "without becoming furious. I became incensed and would take it out even on my poor mother in rudeness." But the childish game of kicking the chair that barks your shins offers scant satisfaction when the chair continues to obtrude.

For man is also rational. In the face of frustration he is capable not only of the dreams of fantasy, but of those purposive dreams which are finally called plans. In the group of refugees whose life histories were studied, evidences of rational planning were apparent from the start; but only as the crisis deepened did realistic planning come to the fore. More and more, with the failure of irrational adjustments to bring ultimate satisfaction, these people were forced to use their wits. Plans grew like snowballs rolling downhill. The man who grew clever in disposing of forbidden papers and books was training himself that much better for the ultimate planning that was emigration. Soon planning to escape became the pivot around which all other activities revolved. "There was only one general topic we all thought of," one Berlin merchant declared, "how to outlast the almost superhuman strain of the situation; and how to rid oneself of these surroundings by getting into another country."

Once more it must be emphasized that we are dealing here with an exceptional group. These were the people who did act, and act concretely and successfully—they emigrated. There were many others in Germany who, with the same desires, were less fortunate in carrying out their plans. There were still others equally frustrated who remained at the passive level. Why this should be so—why some should respond to frustration only at the level of apathy, why others should be content with their fantasies, why still others should be driven to realistic planning—remains a harassing riddle unanswered by modern psychology.

So much for frustration. But the interesting thing that emerges from all this is the surprising but heartening discovery that catastrophic social change rarely produces catastrophic change in personality. Perhaps the most vivid impression, indeed, gained by a reader of these documents is that of the extraordinary continuity of personality. Knowing the tortures endured by these people—the sheer strain of adjusting to chaos—one would expect serious, and perhaps irremediable mental breakdown. Such, however, was not the case. Traits already present were accentuated, yes; prejudices already implanted flourished; established political attitudes intensified—but the basic structure of personality remained intact. A light-hearted, optimistic, expansive advertising man, affable and adventurous, encountered the revolution and was ruined. His attempts at readjustment for five years within Germany reflected his expansive, sociable, extroverted nature. Finally, without discouragement and in a wholly adventurous spirit, he emigrated to take up the same type of life in a new country, continuing his cheerful, unworried, bouncy career. In contrast, a *Gymnasium* teacher of negligible social appeal, on the heels of a long and colorless career, encountered unemployment and persecution. His very neglibility saved him from severe treatment. His emigration was not planned;

—*Cartoon by Szyk from "The New Order."*

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it took place in a curiously accidental way. And in the new world he continued his colorless existence, no more or no less submerged in manner and outlook, persisting somewhat vaguely in his efforts to be a routine teacher as he had been in his homeland. Then there was the highly competent Jewish woman, a person of means and much sparkle of manner, who left Austria well supplied with parting gifts from her non-Jewish friends and admirers, soon to assume the same social position in her new home, writing a distinguished and characteristic autobiography.

Just to see how much the trials of revolution had altered the characters of our writers, a little experiment involving ten of these refugees was undertaken. An interviewer with no knowledge of the life histories of these people wrote thumbnail sketches of each, characterizing their adjustment to the new world. Independently, thumbnail sketches based on the life histories of the same people were written by several psychologists. All identifying marks were, of course, deleted. Here, then, on the one hand, was a set of sketches based on the past adjustments of these people within Germany; and, over against them, another set of sketches based on later adjustments in a strange environment after a period of serious disruption. When twenty outsiders were presented with the two sets of sketches and asked to match pairs belonging to the same person, a matching agreement of ninety-five percent was the result.

Human nature is, in short, tougher than has been supposed. For years it resists the most violent social upheaval, keeping intact the basic life pattern. For years it masters adversity by planning to overcome it. Although it succumbs temporarily to the blandishments of neurotic escape, in the end it comes face to face with reality and is not destroyed. How long it can thus triumph over disaster is yet another question—a question on which hinges the fate of Europe.

Resistance to change was uncovered in the most surprising of all places, incidentally—among the Nazis themselves. Though participating in persecution, many found it imperative to return at times to the humanitarian ethic denied by the very National Socialism to which they adhered. Almost two-thirds of our writers reported sporadic kindness from Nazis. One of them had the following incident to relate:

> One day several SA men and policemen came to the house to undertake a search. After turning the entire house topsy-turvy they helped themselves to valuables and left with their pockets stuffed to capacity. Late that night the bell rang again, and one of the policemen who had participated in the "search" entered. He put a package on the table and explained that he had stolen the property in the morning in order that he might save something for us. The package represented his share of the loot.

Another of these writers, a typical burgher who at first ardently favored National Socialism because it aspired to a "restoration of German honor," put the matter this way: "But this revolution is being fought out in the dark of night by each German in the privacy of his own room." For many a German, as for this burgher, pride in certain accomplishments was turned to bitter shame by its excesses, broken promises, and indecencies. It is questionable whether the morale of a country can be high whose citizens, whether Nazis or not, betray so much and so agonizing a conflict within themselves. Recent efforts of the German propaganda ministry to combat the spread of sympathy for the Jews of the Reich suggest that this conflict, after nine years, is still raging within German breasts.

Though in the end much remains to be said in answer to the question, "How does man fare under the stress of violent social change?," the histories of these people furnish us at least a hint—if not the answer, then the framework within which it must be set. For man in the face of catastrophe is neither a weeping Willy, as some would have it, nor a self-supporting tower of strength, as others would allege. Within remarkable limits he is elastic, absorbing yet resisting intermittent shocks for years without shattering. Contrary to the claims of dictators and others who would deride the dignity of man, he is capable, given half a chance, of meeting chaos with reason.

Brandeis Persistency

THE BRANDEIS GUIDE TO THE MODERN WORLD. Edited by Alfred Lief. Boston: Little, Brown & Co., 1941. 375 *pp., and index.* $2.75.

Reviewed by ALFRED MCCLUNG LEE

TO present the range of a man's considered opinions under topical headings placed in alphabetical order, regardless of date of utterance, gives the impression that he maintained a consistent viewpoint over a long period of time. For the sake of ready reference to the views of the late Justice Brandeis, Alfred Lief has catalogued the theories of that great citizen in such a form, but he does so with no intention of charging Brandeis by implication with rigid consistency. As the jurist himself said, "Not consistency but persistence is the jewel."

Justice Brandeis persisted in his efforts to understand social forces and society objectively, and this could not produce a consistent philosophy of life. As he said in 1912, "I have no general philosophy. All my life I have thought only in connection with the facts that came before me." To this he added, "Reason which deals with facts that may never be seems rather futile."

With the necessary stricture, therefore, that Lief's method precludes an easy relating of Brandeis's views to their historical setting—an easy understanding of their dynamic inconsistencies—his "Brandeis Guide to the Modern World" remains unusually useful. Consisting of statements drawn from interviews, judicial decisions, correspondence, addresses, and other writings, the book is a powerful stimu-

THE LITERARY PULSE . . .

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lus to seeing and understanding democracy and America.

In contrast with the brief-making type of thinking so common to lawyers, these Brandeis statements "do not expound a doctrine; the voice is not authority speaking." As Lief says:

> The words of Brandeis are conclusions from experience. Always he has grappled with concrete cases and facts, searching out more facts, and extracted truths from practical encounters.

Such ideas as this book presents are not likely to satisfy the radicals of either right or left, but they have a persistent vitality and validity. "I was always a conservative," Brandeis pointed out to Lief in a conversation in 1934. "Of course, I did not want to conserve the things that were bad. I believed in conserving for the many, not for the few."

This great legal pragmatist had a faith and a goal even though he wisely eschewed the rigidifying procedure of working out a "general philosophy." And his faith and goal are set forth in this sentence: "My first thought always is of man." To aid man in his struggle against his own limitations, to aid man in his squirmings against the oppressive institutionalism of society, Brandeis had faith "in devices, in social inventions, and I think we can do a great deal by working expertly with the conditions as we find them."

Brandeis, Holmes, and others have enriched legal thought by bringing to it the best of sociological thought; social scientists would be wise to enrich their thought by studying more carefully and more frequently the writings of these great jurists and observers.

Bemelmans Now Playing

HOTEL SPLENDIDE. By Ludwig Bemelmans. New York: Viking Press. 1941. 192 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by SARAH CHOKLA GROSS

HARD as it may have been for Ludwig Bemelmans a dozen years ago to work his way up from bus boy to banquet assistant in the Hotel Splendide; tired as he may have grown, serving the thousandth paté or attending the maître d'hotel's daily court-martials; disillusioned as the incivility of guests occasionally may have left him, today those trials of flesh and spirit prove all to the good. For now Mr. Bemelmans, happily past having to juggle a tray, sketches in words and in pictures what he has experienced; and he is the particular joy of an audience which met him in the *New Yorker* magazine and relishes anything he wants to write.

Writing stories, very funny stories about a maître d'hotel who got what he deserved (in the teeth, too) or about a magician's Freudian dreams, is of course no trouble at all to Ludwig Bemelmans. He has only to dip into his recollection and out of the trained observation of a caricaturist he brings the exactly evocative detail, the phrases that call forth old Mespoulets, spilling soup and jostling customers; or "the low-wedged forehead, the high cheekbones, the massive jaw with its bad teeth, and the obscene nose" of Gorylescu, the professional magician; or Lustgarten, the perfect valet, boiling potatoes on his upturned steam iron; or Fritzl, the bus boy, hungering for home.

There is laughter, irony, pathos, a touch of the macabre, and much humor (the best sort, humor welling out of character) in the sketches composing "Hotel Splendide." Mr. Bemelmans as a writer to whom English is not the mother tongue, is a craftsman to shame native story-tellers. His prose reveals the same economy of line, the same penetration through shirt to stuffing, the same emphasis on the ridiculous that appears in his drawings. In drawings and text there is also a deceptive casualness that can have been achieved only by long practice and rigid self-criticism.

But this sounds rather too solemn for what is a wonderfully entertaining book. Mr. Bemelmans beats his own friend Gorylescu at putting on a first-rate show.

—From the drawing by the author-artist.

Lost Opportunity

BATTLES OF A BYSTANDER. By Franz Spencer. New York: Liveright Publishing Corporation. 1941. 264 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by H. B. WREATH

ONE spring day in 1932 two young men were driving from Weimar to Berlin. They saw a lonesome figure walking along the road. It was a bareheaded man in high boots and a trench coat of military cut accompanied by a German shepherd dog. The man heard the car coming, he turned for a second: it was Adolf Hitler. The two men stared at him while Hitler walked faster and disappeared behind a curve. Harley, one of the men whispered to the driver. "Run him over, the s. o. b. And if he is alive after that, put the car in reverse." But the man at the wheel, the author of "Battles of a Bystander," hesitated. Harley tried to grab the wheel. "You coward, I'll do it." But his friend had made his decision. "I won't kill him," he said to himself, "but if the car does, it's all right with me. I'll do my best to miss him, but if it happens anyway, it will show that it had to be done . . . that some higher power willed it." He stepped on the accelerator and tried to hold to the middle lane. Hitler by now was only a few feet away. Then the car skidded to the right . . . Hitler jumped aside . . .

This is only one of many rather exciting adventures of the author, a former Austrian newspaperman, now in Hollywood. He served in the first World War and saw the Austrian collapse, he was in Moscow when Lenin died, and played a part in the first German revolution.

Franz Spencer is a real story teller and his experiences make a rapid, human, moving account of a man who very often found himself in the midst of those events which were changing the European world. Unfortunately, these events do not affect him in the least. He watches them and now, remembering them, he goes on describing incidents of political romantic nature without looking any deeper.

Franz Spencer writes with vitality but his style is neither subtle nor stimulating. All his adventures would make thrilling reading in some magazine; here they are hardly impressive. Simple stories may be told in a simple style, but exciting experiences narrated naively will always fall flat. "Battles of a Bystander" might have become a rather fascinating and even sometimes startling book but the author missed his opportunity.

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Authors at Christmas

THE *SRL*, curious to find out what authors do at Christmas, sent a last-minute request to publishers. This is what we learned: If their plans work out, Lin Yutang and his family will be in the South on Christmas Day, taking an extended drive through a part of the United States they have long wanted to see. Dr. Lin and Adet, oldest of the three daughters, will do the driving. If this doesn't materialize they will celebrate in New York with a Christmas tree for the children's sake, though Christmas is not, of course a Chinese institution.

★ ★

A message from England advises us that Daphne Du Maurier, author of "Rebecca," and of the forthcoming "Frenchman's Creek," granddaughter of the author of "Trilby," will pass Christmas with her husband, General F. A. M. Browning, and their three children in Cornwall. General Browning, youngest officer of his rank in the Empire Army, has obtained leave which will permit him to visit his family during Yuletide.

★ ★

Off the wire from Hollywood comes the following telegram from T. R. Ybarra: Quote, DURING LECTURE TOUR JUST COMPLETED AUDIENCES ASKED ME ELEVEN THOUSAND QUESTIONS ABOUT LATIN AMERICA AND EUROPE STOP SO I PLANNED SPEND XMAS SOME PLACE WHERE PEOPLE KNEW NOTHING ABOUT EITHER AND CARED LESS STOP BUT TODAY THERE'S NO SUCH PLACE STOP I'VE RESIGNED MYSELF TO HAVING THE TURKEY AT MY CHRISTMAS DINNER RISE FROM ITS GRAVY GRAVE AND ASK QUOTE WHAT ABOUT THE NAZIS IN BRAZIL UNQUOTE. . . . Gregor Ziemer, author of the recently published "Education for Death," telegraphs: FIRST TIME SINCE ARRIVAL AMERICA, CELEBRATING CHRISTMAS OWN HOME WITH OWN FURNITURE AND PERSONAL BELONGINGS SALVAGED FROM NAZIS AFTER LONG FIGHT STOP IN CINCINNATI WITH WIFE, DAUGHTER, MOTHER-IN-LAW PLUS GERMAN DACHSHUND STOP HAPPY HAVE JOB HAPPIER STILL IN KNOWLEDGE THAT "EDUCATION FOR DEATH" IS DOING SOME GOOD, WILL BE ON AIR CHRISTMAS, ATTEND CHURCH, EAT GOOSE. . . .

★ ★

Sally Benson telegraphed us the following poignant message: BENNETT CERF IS HAVING TURKEY FOR CHRISTMAS BECAUSE HE TAKES FIFTEEN PER CENT OF MY NEW SHOW; THE AGENT IS HAVING TURKEY BECAUSE HE IS TAKING TEN PER CENT; I HAVE TO PAY THE DRAMA GUILD TOO, SO I'M JUST HAVING A BROILER! . . .

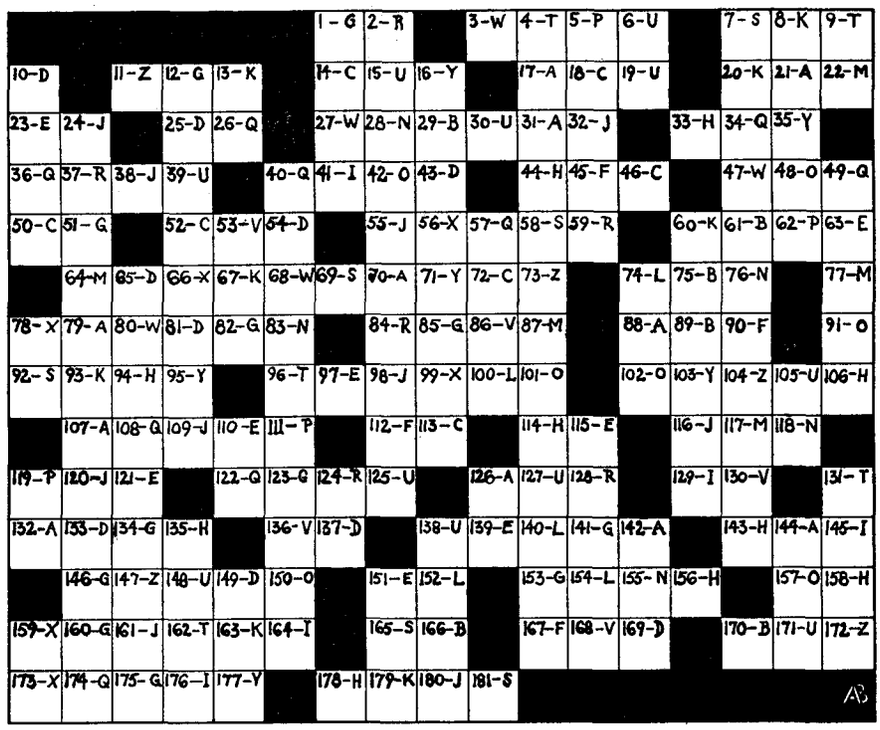
★ ★

Our own Judge Lynch of the *SRL Criminal Record* tells us tersely that he will spend the holidays reading detective stories and cursing!

V. M. J.

Double-Crostics: No. 405

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY



DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1938 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 15 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Sobriquet of Stephen Douglas.
B. Mystic, oracular; entrancing.
C. A masquerader (colloq.)
D. The Scotch bagpipe.
E. Nutrition.
F. A fancy case for toilet articles.
G. Title poem of Pulitzer-prize volume by Robert Frost.
H. Last battle of the War of 1812 (Jan. 8, 1815).
I. Title epithet of *Goodman Brown* (Hawthorne tale in *Mosses from an Old Manse*.
J. Excessively, or moodily, introspective.
K. Not constantly or regularly (3 wds.)
L. American composer (1862-1901: *The Rosary*).
M. A cast of dice.
N. Virginian statesman (1736-99).
O. Evokes.
P. Publisher of *The Classical Library* (1867-1933).
Q. Composer of *The Tales of Hoffmann*.
R. Number of paladins in Charlemagne's Guard of Honor.
S. Disquiet; a disturbed state.
T. Scene of the divine promulgation of *The Law*.
U. Novel by Sinclair Lewis (1927).
V. Chinese character in *Plain Language from Truthful James*.
W. Old London fortress and prison.
X. A weasel whose coat turns to white in winter (tail black).
Y. Person or thing of highest excellence in some particular activity.
Z. Animals Eumaeus tended for Odysseus.

WORDS

126 21 88 107 132 142 31 70 144 17
75 61 166 89 29 170
46 52 50 113 18 14 72
54 25 133 43 10 169 137 65 149 81
121 110 115 97 139 151 23 63
90 167 45 112
134 82 1 12 123 160 146 51 85 175 141 153
114 94 178 44 156 158 135 143 33 106
145 41 129 176 164
32 120 161 116 109 55 24 98 180 38
8 93 179 163 67 13 60 20
152 140 154 100 74
87 77 22 117 64
28 155 83 76 118
150 42 91 157 48 101 102
5 62 111 119
34 40 26 36 49 174 57 122 108
128 84 2 124 37 59
165 92 69 181 58 7
96 162 4 131 9
19 171 125 127 15 105 148 30 138 39 6
86 168 130 136 53
27 3 47 68 80
78 99 173 159 66 56
95 103 71 177 16 35
73 11 172 104 147

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TRADE WINDS

THIS number marks the last issue for 1941. From our bomb-proof vault we pull out our crystal ball with retrospective powers and we see:

January, 1941—The death of two great literary figures—Henri Louis Bergson and James Joyce . . . "Out of the Night" and the furore that followed . . . Ingersoll's "Report on England" . . . the J. B. Lippincott and Carrick & Evans merger . . . "Random Harvest," the first fiction best-seller of the new year . . .

February—"Delilah," the history of an American destroyer and one of the best of late sea stories . . . John Donne hits high sales in poetry and Hemingway takes the bow . . . The Inner Sanctum Mysteries and Carter's Little Liver Pills merge in producing a radio program . . . The John Anisfield Award under the sponsorship of the *SRL* to Louis Adamic for his "From Many Lands" . . . "H. M. Pulham, Esquire" takes Boston for a ride . . .

March—Rex Stout's sensational *SRL* piece "Watson Was a Woman" . . . Edgar Snow's prophetic "The Battle for Asia" . . . The frank and revealing "Ambassador Dodd's Diary" . . . Joseph Barber, Jr., calls the turn with amazing accuracy in "Hawaii: Restless Rampart" . . . Macmillan's and Cambridge's weighty contribution to literature—the four-volume "The Cambridge Bibliography of English Literature" . . . "Holmes-Pollock Letters" . . . The quiet, unheralded "What Makes Sammy Run" that breezed through with large sales and had Hollywood quaking . . .

April—The Spring Book Number . . . Eric Knight's "This Above All" . . . Clarence Streit's thoughtful "Union Now With Great Britain" . . . The *SRL* "Distinguished Service to American Literature" Award to Ellen Glasgow . . . Virginia Woolf: 1882-1941 . . . *Story* celebrates its tenth anniversary . . . Churchill's "Blood, Sweat and Tears" achieves immense popularity . . . Worthington Chauncey Ford: 1858-1941 . . . The nation's book reviewers nominate their Pulitzer Prize favorites for the *SRL* . . . Fiction: "For Whom the Bell Tolls"; Biography: "As I Remember Him"; History: "New England: Indian Summer"; Poetry: a tie between "And In the Human Heart" and "The White Cliffs" . . .

May—Harcourt, Brace's tribute to a great man and writer with the "Collected Edition of Heywood Broun" . . . Pulitzer Prize Awards—Fiction: No Award; History: "The American Migration"; Biography: "Jonathan Edwards"; Poetry: "Sunderland Capture"; Drama: "There Shall Be No Night." (Note: See *SRL* poll again) . . . The new addition to the "River" books—Henry Seidel Canby's "The Brandywine" . . . The American Booksellers' Association meets in Washington . . . Peter Fleming's "The Flying Visit" projects into the limelight the fantastic flight of Hess . . . J. P. Lippincott (again) and Stokes merger . . . Lola Ridge, 1883-1941 . . . Definitely the laughingest book of the Spring: "Low Man on a Totem Pole" . . . The Avery Hopwood Prize Novel: "Whistle Stop."

June—Thomas Mann's new novel, "The Transposed Heads," and Mrs. Harriman's reminiscent "Mission to the North" . . . American Guide Book issue of the *SRL* . . . Random House celebrates the publication of their ten-millionth copy of a Modern Library book . . . Hugh Walpole 1884-1941 . . . First favorite in the field of book publishing: William L. Shirer's "Berlin Diary" . . . Classic Club joins the ranks of other book clubs . . . Newberry Medal for the best book for children goes to Armstrong Perry and his "Call It Courage" . . .

July—Another "sleeper" gathers astounding popularity: "You Can't Do Business with Hitler" . . . "Keys of the Kingdom" hits a dull month in book publishing . . . Thoreau followers form an organization at Concord, Mass. . . . Books on the war are being issued from all houses . . . Jeremy Ingalls of Gloucester, Mass., wins the 1941 competition of the *Yale Series of Younger Poets* . . .

August—Rabindranath Tagore: 1861-1941 . . . The first biography in English of a writer we've thrilled to time and time again—"Jules Verne," by Kenneth Allott . . . The resurrection of Nostradamus by the efforts of Creative Age Press and Scribners . . . One of the best of the soldier's story of the present war: "A Thousand Shall Fall," by Hans Habe . . . "Reveille in Washington," by Margaret Leech, assumes sales leadership . . . Daniel Webster is the guest editorial writer in the issue of August, 30 . . .

September—Monty Woolley and Cary Abbott reminisce on Thomas Beer . . . The *SRL* finds that the draftees are reading "Betrayal in Central Europe," "Men of Munich," "Days of Our Years" . . . Among novels, "For Whom the Bell Tolls" and "Oliver Wiswell" have a long waiting list . . . "Fleisher believes that eventual invasion of the Dutch East Indies is not unlikely, but that the Philippines are safe," says reviewer Hassoldt Davis in reveiwing "Volcanic Isle" . . . Margaret Mitchell visits New York and grants first press meeting since "GWTW" made book history . . .

October—Sound Australian history in the grand "The Timeless Land" . . . Maurice Hindus's prophetic "Hitler Cannot Conquer Russia" . . . Another notable Macmillan achievement is the printing of "The Concise Cambridge History of English Literature" . . . The series of letters that James Truslow Adams's review of "The Democratic Spirit" elicited . . . The missing third strike in the Yankee-Dodger World Series Game . . . Fall Book Number . . . Rebecca West's fine "Black Lamb and Grey Falcon" . . . The sensational "Secret History of the American Revolution" . . . Archibald MacLeish completes his second year as Librarian . . . The various celebrations on the Centennial of the Detective Story . . . Book sections of Sears Roebuck and Montgomery Ward catalogues get a review . . . The posthumous "The Hills Beyond," by Thomas Wolfe . . . H. L. Mencken's "Newspaper Days" has all newspapermen a'chuckling . . .

November—Children's Book Issue . . . William Rose Benét's warm tribute to his brother, Steve . . . The scholarly "Opinions of Oliver Allston," by Van Wyck Brooks . . . the autobiographical poem, "The Dust Which Is God," by William R. Benét . . . The third of the "Inside" books by John Gunther: "Inside Latin America" . . . "Storm" and "Windswept" begin sweeping the country and bookstores . . . The controversial "Rebecca" issue of plagiarism that seems to be headed for the courts . . . Olivia de Havilland likes the Readers Club book selections . . .

December—Christmas Book Number . . . Editorial and business office exchange cheerful amenities . . . Burton Rascoe is giving for Christmas "How to Become Extinct" and "Belle Starr" . . . The skillful and important work, "The Last Tycoon," by the late F. Scott Fitzgerald . . . The incredible and infamous Japanese attack . . . The glowing heroism of an American named Kelly and of course a Very Merry Christmas.

LOUIS GREENFIELD.

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